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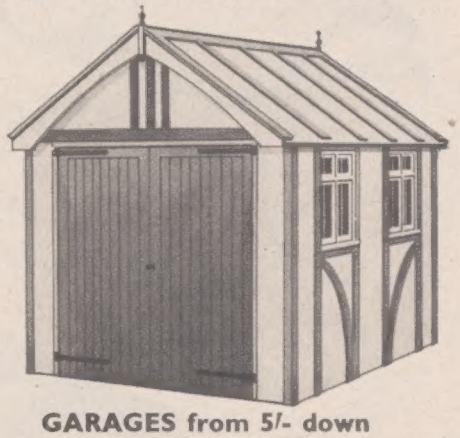

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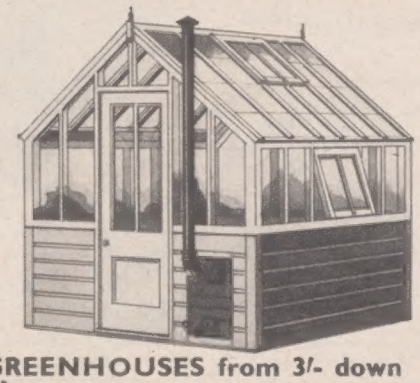

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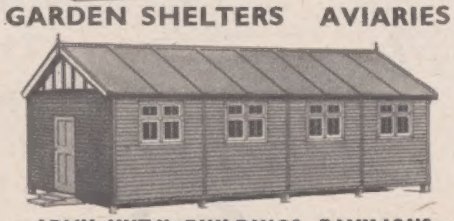

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The PASSING SHOW
No. 328 Vol. 7 JULY 2, 1938

THE REVOLT IN HABBIE'S COURT

In the beginning, Auld Neil, the blind fiddler, and his wee, kilted assistant Hector, were driven from their home by an avaricious landlord. And after wandering around for many months, they return, only to find things are sadly changed

BY AUGUSTUS MUIR

ILLUSTRATED BY GAFFRON

He stood shuffling his feet, then looked at her and looked away

AULD NEIL fumbled for a moment with the key, then pushed the door open and went into the attic room. Hector followed and Jock bounded in with a bark of delight. The old fiddler shuffled over to the window and looked out.

"It feels awfu' queer to be home again," he said, slowly to the boy. The evening sky was crimson beyond the chimney-pots of Habbie's Court and the friendly hum of voices floated up from below. Mingled smells of cooking evoked pictures of food that spluttered in frying-pans, and lamplight could already be seen in many windows across the courtyard. Auld Neil turned away with a sigh. Jock was sniffing suspiciously, as though he were wondering who had lived here during the months while they had been trudging on country roads; or perhaps he was puzzled by the absence of the old, familiar furniture—the table and two chairs, the bed in the corner and the sofa where Hector had slept. Auld Neil peered round the empty room.

"We cannae bide here the nicht, laddie," he murmured.

With his head on one side, Hector surveyed the bare floor.

"It looks a wee bit hard to sleep on," he admitted. "Besides, we've got nae blankets."

"We've got naething, laddie," said Auld Neil, gloomily. "Twelve and sevenpence will no' gang verra far to set up house again . . ." He had counted the money in his pocket a dozen times on that long day's tramp into the city. "We can get a cheap doss in the Grassmarket . . ."

"What's it like in a doss-house?" inquired Hector.

Auld Neil shivered. "It's no' a place for respectable folk like us. But I'm thinking we've got nae choice. I wouldnae like to beg frae the neighbours. It lowers ye in folk's opinion."

Hector glanced up at the fiddler. "If we went to see Maister McWhittle," he suggested, "his wife would gie us a guid supper."

"Mistress McWhittle!" Auld Neil snapped his fingers, jubilantly. "I'd clean forgot about her. She's a verra generous body. Ay, we'll gang to the McWhittles. Mebby they'll ken where we could sleep the nicht."

"They've got a bed in the parlour," remarked Hector, in an offhand tone. "I've seen it."

"Such a thought never entered ma heid," said Auld Neil sternly. "But we'll gang just the same . . ."

Locking the door, he slipped the key back into his pocket, and they made their way down the Canongate towards Holyrood, where Mr. Sandy McWhittle lived in a tiny house above a stable.

The door was opened by Mr. Sandy McWhittle, himself, and he stared at the trio in surprise.

"Guid-sakes—it's Auld Neil!" he cried. "And the wee kiltie. . . . Where have ye been all thae months?"

"We've just got back frae our travels, Sandy," said Auld Neil. "We're footsore and weary, but we couldnae let the evening pass without coming to ask for you and your guid wife."

"Come awa' in!" exclaimed Sandy warmly. "We was wondering about ye just the other day." He hurried up the narrow stair in front of them and threw open the kitchen door. "It's Auld Neil come back!" he cried to his wife, who was spreading a cloth on the table for supper.

"Auld Neil . . ." Mrs. McWhittle's face lengthened. She was about to snatch away the tablecloth and fold it up when Sandy held out a restraining hand.

"We'd better gie them a bite o' food," he whispered. "They look fair famished . . ."

The little cavalcade entered the kitchen. Hector remembered the pride Mrs. McWhittle took in her gleaming linoleum and he gave his shoes a final rub on the mat.

"Good-evening to ye, Mistress McWhittle." Auld Neil held out his hand as though sure of a cordial welcome, then lowered himself into an armchair beside the fire.

"Mebby the wee laddie could do wi' something to eat," suggested Sandy, who was hovering in the background fingering the grey fringe of beard below his chin.

"I'm no' that hungry, thank ye," said Hector. "I had a guid enough breakfast."

"Naething to eat since breakfast!" cried Mrs. McWhittle, in consternation, and she glared at her husband. "Why did ye no' tell me this afore? The poor, wee laddie must be starving."

"I said they looked famished," Sandy expostulated, but Mrs. McWhittle was already laying the table for four.

"There's nothing to beat herrings and tatties for supper," commented Auld Neil, heartily, as Mrs. McWhittle gave him a second helping. "Man, Sandy, it's grand to be back among friends again. The landlord has let us hae the same old room at Habbie's Court. It's a poor bit room—but there's nae place like home!"

"Is your furniture still there?" inquired Sandy.

"That's the trouble," said Auld Neil, pausing with a portion of herring on his knife. "It was kind o' sold up, after we left."

"The room's empty?" exclaimed Mrs. McWhittle. "Then where are ye going to sleep?"

"On the bare floor," said the old fiddler, "with no' even a blanket to cover us. But we'll manage," he added, bravely, "we'll manage."

(*please turn over*)

"Nae such thing," declared Mrs. McWhittle. "I couldnae sleep a wink, thinking of this poor, wee laddie on the bare boards. You'll just bide here till the morn."

"But that's putting ye to an awfu' trouble, Mistress," said Auld Neil in a low voice.

"Nothing at all!" cried Sandy, generously.

Auld Neil rose slowly to his feet. "Then for the sake o' the laddie, I'll accept o' your kindness. It's aye been ma rule that Providence will provide. We should be thankfu' to the Lord for His mercies." With that, he resumed his seat and picked up his knife and fork. Under cover of the table Hector gave him a gentle kick, but the bearded face remained impassive.

"Could I run back to Habbie's Court for a wee while?" inquired the boy, after he had helped Mrs. McWhittle to remove the supper dishes from the table.

Auld Neil hesitated. "Aweel, ye're no' to be long," he said, firmly. "Mistress McWhittle likes to keep respectable hours."

Hector flashed a smile in the direction of his host and hostess and slipped over to the door.

"I'll be back soon," he promised and a few minutes later he was racing up the Canongate in the direction of Habbie's Court. News of their return was bound to have gone round by this time, for more than one pair of eyes must have seen him with Auld Neil on that brief visit earlier in the evening. He wondered if any of the Sprugs might be knocking about and, with a thrill, he recalled the gang of boys who used to meet under his leadership in a disused cellar. He slowed down as he went along the dark alley into the courtyard.

"Michty—it's Hector!"

The light from a lamp on a high wall-bracket shone down on a girl with a pale, pleasant face and big, serious, blue eyes.

"Kirstie Graham!" Hector's heart gave a jump. There was nobody in Habbie's Court he liked better than Kirstie and she was the only girl who had ever been permitted to have any knowledge of the dark secrets of the Sprugs.

"I've come back, Kirstie . . ." he said, awkwardly.

On that long trudge homeward, he had dreamed of this moment. He had so much to tell Kirstie Graham; and yet, now that he was with her, he could hardly utter a word. He stood shuffling his feet, then looked at her and looked away. All the time his heart was thudding underneath his jacket and his mouth felt queer and dry. . . .

"Here's a sugar-bool," he said, suddenly; "it's ma last one." He held out the crumpled paper bag.

With her strong, white teeth, Kirstie cracked it neatly into two portions. "Halvers! . . . We thought ye'd left Habbie's Court for good and all." She looked at him shyly. "I'm glad ye've come back."

"Who's the boss of the Sprugs, now?" he asked eagerly. "Muckle McNab?"

"He's in the infirmary wi' a broken leg." She hesitated. "There's nae Sprugs now."

"What!" cried Hector. "Nae Sprugs? What's happened to them?"

Kirstie sighed. "They had a fight wi' the laddies frae Buller's Court and——"

"Ay, I mind the Bullers—they're big laddies!"

"They fair licked the Sprugs," explained Kirstie, "and made them join up wi' them. Listen, can ye hear that? . . . It's the Bullers' whistle."

Hector's heart sank. As boss of the Sprugs, he'd felt prouder than a Lord Provost. But now the Sprugs were no more! Licked in a fight—and taking their orders from the boys of Buller's Court . . . Hector went hot with shame.

"Is Steenie Pollock still the boss of the Bullers?" he asked Kirstie.

"Ay, that was his whistle just now. They meet in the cellar."

"The Bullers have pinched our cellar, too! . . ." Words failed him as he saw some of the boys who had once been Sprugs hurrying down the alley in answer to Steenie's call.

"I'll tell ye this!" cried Hector, suddenly. "I'm going to smash thae Bullers."

Kirstie shook her head. "Ye'd never dare. Steenie's a big laddie—a terrible fechter . . ."

"I'll beat him," said Hector between his clenched teeth. "You wait. There's going to be Sprugs in Habbie's Court, like there used to be, wi' me as their boss."

"They'd be scared to join ye." Kirstie's tone was anxious and she put her hand on Hector's arm. "They're all in the Bullers now . . ." She turned as a small boy came running up to them.

"Hey, it's a message frae Steenie," he said. "Hector's to come to the cellar. Steenie's just heard he's back."

"Me—come to the cellar?" Hector recognised the boy as one of his old Sprugs. "Tell Steenie to boil his heid."

The boy's mouth opened. "He'll be mad wi' ye, Hector—ye'd better come."

Hector turned his back coldly upon the messenger. "If he wants a word wi' me, he can come here. It's no' me that's taking any orders frae a Buller's Court keelie!"

The boy began to speak again, but Hector gave him a shove. "Get out, you!" he said, in disgust.

Kirstie Graham was looking worried. "Ye're a fool if ye cross Steenie. He's got an awfu' temper——"

"I can settle wi' him," retorted Hector, confidently. But before many minutes had passed he was to receive a grim sample of the power of the invaders who had conquered the Sprugs. Three boys swooped into the courtyard and grappled with him, while two others held Kirstie back. After a wild but vain attempt at defence, he was dragged off to the alley that led down to the disused cellar where the Bullers sat in conference, with Steenie Pollock in the chair of honour. It was the same tattered chair that Hector, himself, had occupied in the old days and some planks had been set across two boxes to form a table.

"Why did ye no' come when I sent for ye?" Steenie demanded, fiercely.

"Ye can order them that's feared of ye!" growled Hector. "But I'm no' feared of a great, muckle . . ." He ended the sentence with a howl of pain as one of the Bullers behind him gave him a well-timed kick on the ankle.

Steenie nodded his approval. "If he gies any more cheek, hack him again!" He banged on the table with his stick, which was his sceptre of authority, and glared at Hector from under his heavy black brows. "So ye used to be boss o' the Sprugs, eh? Well, there's nae Sprugs now—there's only the Bullers."

Hector stared back at him in silence.

"I sent for ye to make ye an offer," continued Steenie. "I'll let ye join the Bullers like the rest o' the lads in Habbie's Court."

"Me—join the Bullers?" said Hector, with scorn. "I'd sooner be a scaffenger and sweep the streets!"

Steenie glowered at him, then gave a nod. A heavy boot registered a second hit on Hector's ankle and he squirmed with pain.

"Whether ye like it or not, ma lad," said Steenie, "ye're one o' the Bullers. And why? Because I've said it. The next time ye hear ma whistle, ye'll come down here wi' the rest o' the lads frae Habbie's Court. Have ye got that into your heid?"

"I've got this in my heid," Hector burst out, defiantly. "It's no' you, nor the whole jing-bang o' ye, that'll make me join your keelie gang."

"I've got this in my heid," Hector burst out, defiantly. "It's no' you, nor the whole jing-bang o' ye, that'll make me join your keelie gang"

"So ye'd perk up agin the Bullers, would ye!" Steenie rose angrily and stalked round the table, pausing in front of Hector. "It's a lesson ye need—and ye'll get it. Down wi' the kiltie and bash him!"

With a sudden leap, he jumped upon Hector and seized him round the neck. Three others joined in and presently there was a writhing mass of boys on the floor. The Bullers were on top: and although Hector kicked and struggled, his efforts soon weakened. At last Steenie scrambled up.

"I'm thinking that's settled him," he remarked, returning with a swagger to his chair, while the others dragged Hector to his feet. "Had enough, ma bonny kiltie?" Steenie inquired with a sneer.

Hector's lip was cut, there was a bruise on his cheek, and he stood upright with difficulty. But his mouth was firmly shut. He wasn't going to blub—he'd show them. . . .

"That's nothing to what ye'll get!" announced Steenie, with a threatening scowl. "The next time ye hear the Bullers' whistle, ye'll come—and danged quick!" Then he gave a signal. "Chuck him out."

Two minutes later Hector found himself alone in the alley. He slipped through into Habbie's Court, desperately hoping that nobody would see him—Kirstie above all—and he limped down the Canongate to the home of Mr. Sandy McWhittle. It wasn't until after he'd had a good wash at a pump in the stable-yard that he ventured to open the door.

"Been fechting, laddie?" inquired Auld Neil, sardonically, as he struggled into one of Mr. McWhittle's nightshirts before getting into bed. "I thocht ye'd be up to mischief. . . . Did ye see Kirstie Graham, by ony chance?"

"Just for a wee minute," admitted Hector.

"Ay," remarked Auld Neil, dryly, turning over and settling himself for sleep. "I kenned fine ye'd be mashing the lassies. It's an awfu' thing for a laddie o' your years to be filled wi' such pride."

Pride! Hector stifled a groan. His heart was heavy with despair as he pulled the blankets round him. Something moved in the darkness, and he put out his hand. He touched Jock's cold nose and a moist tongue licked his bruised knuckles. "That's a guid dog," murmured Hector, as he fondled the shaggy head. At least Jock seemed to understand. . . .

"Me and Sandy is going round the second-hand shops," said Auld Neil, next morning, "to try and get some bits o' furniture on tick."

So Hector went off alone. It was Kirstie Graham he wanted to see. If she thought his spirit had been broken, she'd soon learn different! But before he could lay his plans against the Bullers, he wanted to find out everything about them and their haunts and Kirstie was the one to tell him. If he should happen to meet any of the old Sprugs in Habbie's Court, he'd try not to show how bitterly last night's disgrace was rankling within him. . . .

"Hullo, Maister Jobson!" Hector paused and nodded to an old man who stood at his door near the entrance to the courtyard. In faded letters above his grimy shop-window were the words: *J. Jobson, Antique Dealer*, His antiques were mostly an assortment of old junk, crockery and ornaments, brass candlesticks and dusty flower-vases; and even when he was selling a battered oil-lamp for eighteen pence, he would run his grimy fingers over it with the air of a connoisseur, and make clicking noises as though it wrung his withers to part with so choice a piece of bric-a-brac. Hector had regarded Mr. Jobson as a queer curmudgeon, with his thin, grey beard and skull cap; but the old man always used to pass a friendly word and he had a big ginger cat which Hector sometimes used to stroke in passing.

"Hullo, Maister!" he repeated. "How's the pussy . . ."

To his surprise, the answer was a surly growl, and Mr. Jobson retreated into his shop, slamming the door behind him.

"Queer," muttered Hector. "What's wrong wi' old Jobson?"

He was wondering if Kirstie Graham could explain that mystery when, by luck, he met her as she was coming out of Habbie's Court.

"Oh, it's you!" She smiled wanly. In a barrow she was pushing a large basket of clothes from her mother's wash-tub. "I'm just going down to the Meadows to spread these out to dry." She looked at him shrewdly. "What happened to ye last nicht in the cellar?"

"Ye havenae heard?"

"I asked some o' the Habbie's Court laddies afterwards, but they were feared to let dab. Did ye——"

"Oh, the Bullers were bigger nor me," remarked Hector, casually, "so I couldnae gie them verra much o' a thrashing."

"Ye mean—they thrashed *you*?"

Hector hung his head. "But I'll beat Steenie yet!" he burst out. "I'll smash the Bullers. You wait!"

"Mind they dinnae set on ye again," she warned him. Her quick blue eyes had noted his cut lip and the bruise on his cheek. "If ye like, ye can help me wi' thae clothes . . ." He pushed the barrow with her down to the Meadows and she shared her lunch with him. He spent his last tuppence on sugarolly-suckers and all the time Kirstie kept insisting that if he tried on any games with Steenie he'd be playing with fire.

"Look what they've done to old Maister Jobson," she said. "It's a short cut through his yard frae Buller's Court. When he tried to stop them coming that way, they smashed his windows and even the polis cannae find who did it."

"So that's why he snapped ma heid off, this morning!" nodded Hector.

"Ay. He hates the very sight o' a laddie, nowadays. But they'll do worse nor smash his windows, yet!" Kirstie's voice dropped to a whisper. "I hear they've got another plot against him one o' these nights '

Hector pricked up his ears. She could give no details but he wondered if this were the chance he'd been hoping for. He helped her to trundle her barrow back to the High Street and dusk was beginning to gather by the time they reached Habbie's Court. They were talking at the foot of Kirstie's stair when she nudged his arm.

"Look at thae laddies. Like enough, they're waiting for the Bullers' whistle."

Hector nodded. From the tail of his eye, he had been watching them. Presently, a high-pitched whistle could be heard, and the boys made tracks for the alley that led to the cellar. Within the next few minutes, other boys emerged from the doorways round Habbie's Court and glanced at Hector as they passed. He knew what they were thinking. He'd been ordered to obey the Bullers' call. But he didn't care a docken for that! Let Steenie whistle his lungs out! . . . He was about to help Kirstie up the stair with her basket, when he checked his gallant impulse. What was the Bullers' game to-night? . . .

"So-long, Kirstie," he said quickly. "Steenie's expecting me. He'll be awfu' mad if I dinnae come." When she saw one of Hector's eyelids flicker in a wink, she felt a sudden misgiving. But already he had slipped away in the direction of the cellar.

Without a word, Hector joined the other boys in the dim lantern-light. Ignoring their curious glances, he took his place on a bench against the wall. Steenie was already seated in the chair of honour;

(*please turn over*)

and when he caught sight of Hector a grin showed on his face for a moment. "I thocht ye'd come, kiltie," he remarked.

"Ay, Steenie," replied Hector in a humble tone. He could hear some of the Bullers chuckling; but he noticed that none of his old Sprugs were amused. Dismay was what he read on their faces; it was as if they'd been hoping he would champion their cause against the Bullers and here he was bowing to Steenie's superior might. Hector's face was impassive, but in the depths of his eyes a wary smile twinkled. His time was coming . . . Steenie banged the table with his stick.

"What I say is," he began, "are the Bullers going to take any more cheek frae that old Jobson? We smashed his windows and serve him hanged well right. What harm was we doing, coming through his yard?"

"None," was the vociferous reply.

"None," assented Steenie. "Ye'd think it was paved wi' sixpenny bits, instead o' cobblestones. It's a short cut frae Buller's Court and we'll use it if we like."

"He's just had broken glass fixed on the top o' his wall," remarked a red-headed Buller on his left.

"Ay, he has that!" Steenie spluttered with rage. "We're goin' to bash that glass off afore the cement is dry."

At this, the Bullers broke into a subdued cheer and Steenie whacked his stick on the table for silence.

"What's more," he continued, "we're goin' to learn old Jobson a lesson. If he thinks he can stop the Bullers, he'll find he's wrong." Steenie glared round him. "On Saturday nights, he gangs out at half-past eight and doesnae come back till ten. This is our chance . . ."

Everyone in the cellar leaned forward, their faces tense in the lantern light. Steenie had a knack for oratory and he allowed several seconds for a dramatic pause, then gave another clout with his stick.

"When he gets home at ten o'clock this nicht, he'll find——"

"He'll find we've bashed his things about!" interrupted a husky Buller.

Steenie glared. "Keep your gab shut!" he ordered. "We'll do worse nor bash his things about. Listen, you! He fair dotes on that muckle yellow cat o' his. When he gets home this nicht he'll find it drowned in the water-barrel. . . . That'll gie him a ding, eh?"

Steenie lay back in his chair and looked round for approval. "Droon his cat—he'll be thinking it's his turn next!" cried one of them; and another added that a ducking would do old Jobson good. There was only one dissenting voice:

"What if he gangs to the polis again?"

"He'll be feared to do that!" declared Steenie, confidently. "He tried it wi' his smashed windows, but he kens he cannae land the Bullers. You'll see. Next time we take a short cut through his yard, he'll chitter wi' fright." Steenie rose to his feet. "We'll meet here at nine o'clock," he said, with a sweeping glance. "That'll gie us an hour for the job."

Hector had been expecting a terse rebuke for his long absence. But when he arrived back for supper at Mrs. McWhittle's, he found that Auld Neil himself had been out all day and had not yet returned. When at last the old fiddler shuffled in with Mr. Sandy McWhittle, he was in a mood of deep gloom.

"I've had nae luck," he said to his hostess at supper. "Sandy will tell ye how hard we've tried. We've been to a dozen old furniture shops, but not even a kitchen chair would they gie me on tick."

"They wouldnae trust ye?" inquired Mrs. McWhittle, in dismay.

Auld Neil shook his head. "It's me being a street fiddler. They'll no' trust a poor, gangarel body. Sandy verra kindly offered to lend me the money."

"What!" cried Mrs. McWhittle.

"Just for the time being, like," explained Sandy, waving his fork vaguely in the air.

"But I was ower proud to accept his kind generosity," said Auld Neil, in a solemn voice.

Mrs. McWhittle gave a sigh of relief. "I like to see a man wi' independence," she said, with approval, and then a worried look came into her face. "But if ye've nae furniture in your room at Habbie's Court, what'll ye do? To-morrow's the Sabbath day and the shops will no' be open again till Monday."

It was Sandy who replied and he avoided his wife's gaze. "I'm feared he'll just have to bide here for the week-end."

There was a long pause. "Ay," murmured Mrs. McWhittle, at last. "I suppose there's nae other way."

"I said to Sandy I would just take the wee laddie to a doss-house . . ." murmured Auld Neil.

"And what did Sandy say?" demanded Mrs. McWhittle.

"He said I'd better wait to see if his wife would turn us out."

"Turn ye out—a poor old man and a wee laddie!" she exclaimed, glaring at her husband, whose head was bent over his plate. "If Sandy thought such a thing, I'm ashamed of him." She patted Auld Neil on the arm. "You'll just bide where ye are till Monday and ye're welcome—the wee laddie too."

Auld Neil blew his nose with a loud trumpeting sound. "I aye said Mistress McWhittle had the kindest heart in Scotland," he quavered. "I'll try the shops again on Monday . . ." His voice faded into doleful silence.

Sandy and his wife were casting hasty glances at each other. After supper, they had a few words alone in the next room. "We'll need to do something," they agreed. "We cannae have them here for the rest o' our lives." But what was to be done? . . . That was the difficulty.

"Eh, where's Hector?" Sandy inquired, when he returned to the kitchen. "I didnae hear him slip out."

Auld Neil sat up with a start. "I didnae hear him neither. I'll learn him to gang out like this at nichts!" he added, crustily. "I'm thinking he's awa' back to Habbie's Court . . ."

Auld Neil's guess was correct. Utterly indifferent to the problem of how long they were to remain under the hospitable roof of the McWhittles, Hector was racing up the Canongate. A plan against the Bullers had begun to form in his mind and he paid a series of rapid visits to some of the old Sprugs who lived around Habbie's Court. The results were in every way satisfactory; and when the Bullers' whistle rose in the darkness at nine o'clock, he entered the cellar with the others and stood meekly in the background.

"Are ye all here?" demanded Steenie, looking round. While he issued his orders, the very air seemed to pulse with excitement; then he blew out the lantern and they all slipped into the alley and headed for the shop of Mr. J. Jobson, Antique Dealer. Steenie had already posted a scout at the gate of the yard.

"Ay, he's gone out," the boy announced. "The place is all dark. . . . The cat's inside—I seen it at the door when he was locking up."

Steenie made a leap for the top of the gate, scrambled up and dropped into the yard. He was followed by the main body of the Bullers. Three boys had been detailed to wait in the street to keep watch, while three others hurried round by narrow passages to the yard that lay beyond Mr. Jobson's. Steenie believed in placing outposts that could warn him if danger threatened.

"It'll no' take long to get into the house," he muttered. Hector followed him to a window which looked out upon the yard. Steenie took a piece of brown paper from under his jacket and unfolded it. One side had been smeared with treacle and he pressed it against the window-pane, then gave it a jab with his elbow. Instead of falling with a smash, the broken glass stuck to the paper and Steenie thrust his arm through the hole and unfastened the catch of the window. A few minutes later he was clambering in, with three Bullers at his heels. From his pocket he produced a stump of candle and scratched a match.

"I didnae tell *you* to come in," he growled, when he caught sight of Hector at his side.

"I thocht I could help ye," was Hector's quick reply. "Me being friendly wi' old Jobson's cat, I could mebby catch it for ye!"

Steenie hesitated. "Come on, then." It did not take him long to locate their quarry. Mr. Jobson's big, ginger cat lay before the fire in a small room off the passage. One of the Bullers had brought a sack and Steenie unrolled it. "Stuff the beast in here," he whispered to Hector. "There's a big water-barrel out in the yard. We'll soon get this job done, then we'll smash that glass off the back wall."

Hector took a step forward. It was perhaps as well that Steenie did not notice the look in his eye. "We mustnae rush this," he said, warily. But the cat had seen the others in the doorway and leapt on an armchair, arching its back, its tail waving in alarm.

"See, I'll do it!" Steenie impatiently shoved Hector aside and advanced with the open sack. There was a spluttering hiss and a paw shot out dangerously. Just in time, Steenie leapt back. "Mebby you'd better do it after all," he muttered to Hector. "It looks a gey fierce brute."

But the cat had no intention of remaining passive. Like a streak of lightning, it sprang from the armchair and dived between the legs of the Bullers at the door. Someone held aloft the stump of candle and a lithe, yellow body shot along the passage.

"It's gone upstairs!" cried Steenie, leading the way. When they reached the top and crowded forward Hector saw they were in Mr. Jobson's big storeroom at the back. Nearly every foot of the floor was occupied with the dusty accumulation of years and the cat was perched on the back of a tattered sofa, from which it leaped to the top of a wardrobe in the corner.

"We've got it! . . . Gie me the sack." Steenie jerked over a stool, while the cat looked down at him with an unwinking stare. The only movement was that slow waving of the long, ginger tail and its eyes seemed to gleam with yellow malevolence.

"Now, ye brute . . ." Steenie climbed on the stool, holding open the mouth of the sack. Inch by inch, he pushed it nearer, ready to make a pounce, but suddenly a long paw flashed out and Steenie dropped with a howl, licking his knuckles. Somebody tittered and he swung round. "Who was that?"

"I think it was a laddie downstairs," said Hector, solemnly.

"A guid job," snarled Steenie and turned to one of the Bullers. "Hold out the sack, you! I'll knock the beast down wi' this." He picked up an old curtain-rod, but Hector intervened.

"Wait!" he said, confidently. "Leave this to me. I ken how to get it for ye." He took some heavy metal ornaments from a table and dropped them into the sack. "This'll weight it doon in the water. . . . But mebby some other laddie . . ."

Steenie looked at the other Bullers inquiringly. None of them seemed anxious to undertake the task and he nodded to Hector. "Hurry up, then."

"Ye must gang out o' the room, all of ye," he announced. "This cat's aye been friendly to me and I can catch it easy. But it'll never come if ye're all here."

This argument seemed to strike Steenie as sound and he bundled the others downstairs, closing the door behind him, in case the cat escaped.

As they waited below, the Bullers could hear Hector's persuasive voice, then there was a great clattering which went on for nearly a minute. Silence followed and the door was thrown open. "I've got it!" cried Hector, excitedly. He had blown out the candle and he came tumbling down the stairs.

"Did it scart ye?" gasped Steenie.

"Tried it on," Hector muttered.

"It's no' struggling," said Steenie, giving a nervous prod.

"That's because I nearly throttled it!" Hector jerked away the sack. He omitted to mention that it would have been difficult for the old curtain, which he had rolled into a neat bundle, to struggle very fiercely. Scrambling through the open window, he pushed his way through the crowd of boys. "Where's the barrel . . ."

Steenie rushed past him and hauled the wooden lid from the water-butt. "This'll learn old Jobson that he cannae stop the Bullers . . ." But his voice trailed into silence, for a warning whistle sounded from the direction of the gate. . . .

(*please turn to page* 44)

HE LED A DOG'S LIFE

to save a dog's life . . . in a country where you couldn't keep a dog unless you kept a wife—Read the Story

A DOG'S LIFE

by

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

NEXT WEEK

3 BAD MEN

Being the first of three articles about rascals who acquired great wealth, yet had a struggle to live and eventually died in poverty

BY GEORGE EDINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

DRURY LANE THEATRE was drawing large audiences in 1696, with a piece called *The Pirate's Success*. The play—it packed the house nightly—showed a contemporary Devonshire pirate, called Long Ben Avery, in the arms of the Grand Mogul's daughter, among a profusion of fabulous treasures in a fantastic, tropic setting.

The Pirate's Success owed most of its run to a certain quality of wish fulfilment, or appeal to that streak in the audience which desires to see itself represented on stage or screen not as it is, but as it likes to imagine itself to be, after the manner of that famous film "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

It pleased the journeyman, the apprentice youth, the mechanic and the gilded youth of the town to imagine themselves successful pirates like Ben Avery, in the arms of the Grand Mogul's daughter. It was stimulating, it was as it should be and, incidentally, in Ben Avery's case, it was more or less true.

Ben Avery was quartermaster in a British ship, the *Charles II*, hired two years before by the king of Spain, so far had the world progressed in the odd century since the invincible Armada sailed, to convoy his treasure fleet home from the Indies. She was lying at anchor off Corunna, waiting for orders, in 1694. But the wait seemed to be indefinite and when, to the want of orders, there was added, after 18 months delay, a want of pay, Ben Avery got impatient, made the crew mutiny, cut his cable, kidnapped his captain, renamed the ship *Fancy*, and sailed for the open sea.

He sailed on with a complement of 85, along the African coast, rounded the Cape and came to anchor in Madagascar, which had been pirate headquarters ever since the cleaning up of the Spanish Main.

Madagascar was not occupied by any European power and, as her native chiefs were always fighting against one another, the pirates used to live along the coast like petty princes till the booty gave out. There was a New York syndicate on the island, run by Adam Baldridge, which used to buy from them cash down and arrange the conveyance of the stolen goods to New York, for sale.

After touching at Madagascar to take provisions and water aboard and to buy a few necessities from Adam Baldridge, the *Fancy* began her cruise off the coasts of Arabia on the lookout for pilgrim ships carrying the offerings of wealthy Muslims to the prophet's shrine at Mecca.

Long Ben's luck was in. The *Ganj-i-Sawai* of Surat, 700 tons, freighted by the Grand Mogul, and carrying 800 pilgrims with a cargo of gold, silver and jewels, fell in with the *Fancy* on her way to the port of Jeddah. For three hours they fought and, at last, she was forced to surrender and the pirates swarmed aboard.

There were gold and silver sequins, piastres, dollars. There were 52 lacs of rupees, the profits of a cargo sold to the merchants of Mecca.

There were pearls and emeralds and gold bracelets and necklaces. Above all there were diamonds, the Mogul's finest diamonds to deck the prophet's tomb.

Eight hundred pilgrims were herded together at the pistol's point, nabobs in silks and jewelled turbans, dervishes in dirt and rags. But when the pirates were done with them the dervishes were better off than the nabobs, for they kept their rags at least, while the rich men were stripped naked.

Then the *Fancy* spread her sails and glided westward over the ocean, £1,000 a man richer than when she left Corunna, all save Ben Avery, who had £2,000 for his share. He laid most of it out for buying up the Mogul's diamonds. He thought himself very cunning to do that.

Ben Avery took the *Fancy* across the Atlantic Ocean and beached her at New Providence. From there her crew dispersed to all four corners of the world, but Ben travelled down the New England coast, the diamonds hanging in a little sack round his neck. The Mogul's diamonds would make a millionaire of him, he thought. He introduced himself as "Bridgeman" at Boston, and began to sound the market, but things did not look hopeful. Sharp Yankees were quite capable of getting both diamonds and Ben Avery. For the news was out now and there was a price on the pirate's head.

The Mogul's ship had put into Surat in a very pitiful condition. In the place of her merchandise lay the heaped bodies of men and women dead from their wounds; her treasure chests were empty, the wife of one famous rajah had taken her life with all her ladies rather than return dishonoured to her husband.

A roar of anger against the English pirates went up from all the Mogul's vast dominions. His Governor at Surat seized the East India Company's factory and flung its servants into prison. The company's prospects, even its existence, lay in jeopardy.

Only after long negotiations, backed up by the guns of an English frigate in the bay, were the captives set free and the properties restored, after the receipt of a solemn undertaking that all the Mecca ships, in future, should sail with an English escort.

So men looked askance at Ben Avery's diamonds, bade him begone quickly.

The essential circumstances of *The Pirate's Success* were all there. And as it was a wish-fulfilment piece, the audience streamed home believing it true, not only in its broad lines but in the details also. So none of them bothered to look at the long, lean beggar who accosted them on their way home with some story about an old seaman.

The streets had been full of old seamen since the last war with France and, even if they had noticed him he would not have been recognised, because the actor who was playing Long Ben to large audiences inside, did not look much like the real Long Ben who was begging outside.

He had learned, in the months since he waylaid the *Ganj-i-Sawai*, something about the ways of robbers and sharks on land, having so far only sampled the sea variety. He no longer had the Mogul's diamonds, for he got sick of starving with that royal ransom round his neck.

He was glad to dispose of them in Bristol to a jeweller who promised to pay over the money when the jewels were sold.

And whether they were in fact sold, Long Ben never knew. No more do I. In fact, nobody knows. He certainly thought so. Otherwise he would never have talked to the amused jeweller the way he did about the sacred rights of property and appealing to King William's justice.

His position, in fact, was so ludicrous, apart from its tragedy, that he could not bring himself to tell it to the admirers of Long Ben who had been to the Drury Lane show that night.

And even if he had told them they would not have believed him. They were not going to have their illusions shattered by a trifling discrepancy in fact. So even when the owner of the Mogul's diamonds dropped dead of exhaustion and hunger in the gutters of St. Giles a few days after, *The Pirate's Success* still brought an unbroken flow of golden guineas to the management.

When Long Ben died in the London gutters, the irony that denied the owner of the Mogul's jewels the price of a square meal seemed, to his generation, a twisted piece of spite on the part of fate not likely to be repeated.

NEXT WEEK :
The King at Corsica

LAST POST HASTE

Old Joe, temporary postman, has plundered the mail bag which he should have carried through the streets of a rain-lashed suburb, without a thought of those to whom the last post meant the end of so much suffering

BY DALE COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. MACKINLAY

BEING the Cockney he was, Eddie Payne knew only his own bits of London. In his wanderings, that Saturday afternoon, he had passed famous places he had heard of from childhood and even seen on the screen at his cinema, but had never troubled to seek out for himself. His explorations had added nothing, however, to his knowledge of the capital of which he was a citizen. He had walked, throughout, in a trance of consternation and dismay, heedless and unregarding, even though he was advised at intervals to look where he was going and a bus driver asked, bitterly, whether he were blind or just wanted to be killed for the fun of the thing.

Why had he done it?

How could he ever face Kathleen?

What, in the name of reason, had possessed him?

In answer to such questions he could only wag his head helplessly. Happy passers-by, on whom no shadow hung, whose consciences were clear, bustled about their affairs. A corner of his mind hated them for being so carefree. He felt alone among them, shut off from contact with his fellows by his guilty secret. The day, at least, was suited to his mood. Rain drifted down from grey skies and the wind was raw. But he was not conscious of that, or of the weight of his wet overcoat.

It wasn't as if he had become a criminal from any wickedness. He'd really only done it for Kathleen's sake. And yet, in spite of that, he could not go home. She would see at a glance that something was terribly amiss. No fooling her. And he would not be able to lie. She'd get the truth out of him soon enough. The thought of her face, horror-stricken, shocked, did more to chill and damp him than the wretched weather.

And she would be worried about his not coming back. That was another of the rewards of being a loving husband.

He paused outside a telephone booth and, with a sense of relief, saw it was occupied. There'd be another somewhere else. He trudged on. He passed a second box because, without looking, he was sure there was someone inside, but at the third he faced it that he would have to ring Mrs. Pugh. A blessing they hadn't the 'phone. Mrs. Pugh would take the message and that would save his being questioned. He found two pennies and dialled.

"It's Eddie, Mrs. Pugh."

"I'm so glad, Eddie," she said. "Kathleen's just been in here. She's very upset—fancying accidents and all kinds of things. And it's not good for her, you know, in her state. What shall I tell her?"

"Just that—just that I'm working late and to expect me when she sees me."

"All right," said Mrs. Pugh, with a touch of tartness. "But I do think you might have let her know earlier."

"I—I couldn't," Eddie apologised. "Very busy, and all that." It sounded very lame.

Mrs. Pugh sniffed. "I'll tell the poor child straight away," she said.

Eddie thanked her and hung up, but his sense of having done something at last, died a sudden death as he stepped out of the box. For he had only postponed the evil hour and he could not tramp the streets forever. Sooner or later he would have to go home and would that, as Mrs. Pugh said, be good for Kathleen in her state?

The vast bubble of St. Paul's loomed through the greyness, but he did not notice it.

The dark came down and more lights were lit, giving an illusion of warmth and brightness and the streets began to fill with Saturday-night crowds. Eddie continued his blind, sightseeing tour unheedingly. Mechanically he bought an evening paper only to thrust it into his pocket without a glance and forget it. And, again from force of habit, he went into a pub. The bitter had no taste and he did not feel at ease. The barmaid seemed to give him a haughty and suspicious glance and the other patrons with their talk of football and racing were almost unnaturally normal. Instead of lingering over his half-pint and perhaps having a word to say about Arsenal and Chelsea, he went out again into the darkness and the rain.

A long time later the sight of the Cenotaph informed him that he was in Whitehall. He raised his hat respectfully as he passed, though his mind had given no order to his muscles. The rain drifted down and the flags hung limp.

Black lettering on a white ground caught and held his gaze.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD,
S.W.1.

He halted and stared up, for a space his interest merely that of one who stumbles on a spot of which he has heard much. So this was the place Edgar Wallace and those fellows wrote about? It looked ordinary enough. This was where they caught all the criminals, eh? Good lord, he was a criminal! What had guided him there? How had his undirected feet chanced to bring him to the Yard of all places? He turned his coat collar higher and glanced about guiltily.

A policeman stood on the other corner, his cape and helmet shining blackly, like the skin of a seal. Busses went by, bright caravans of light. Nobody paid any heed to the young man in whom the Yard would have been so interested.

His mind cleared suddenly and he saw the significance of his surroundings. It was right and well that he should be there. It was the goal of his wanderings. Bracing himself he crossed to the large policeman.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I want to see someone."

The policeman did the beginnings of a knee-bend and looked down at the pale-faced citizen in the wet overcoat. He smiled in a friendly way as he did so, placing him at a glance among the sheep and not the goats.

"At the Yard, y'mean?"

"Yes," said Eddie, who felt, quite illogically, much more comfortable now that he had found a Bobby.

"What is it? B.B.C. S O S?"

"No—no, nothing like that," Eddie stammered. "I've come to give myself up."

The policeman remained aloofly amused.

"And what have you been a-doing of?" he demanded. "Murder?"

"No, not murder. But it's almost as bad."

"Why," said the policeman, quite apologetically, "I took it, from the look of you, you was joking."

"No such luck," Eddie said.

Inspector Davenport was a smooth, sleek-haired man, black and glossy as a rook. He would have made a good undertaker. From behind his desk in the bare room, he studied his young caller with care and a certain superiority, as if he were a collector and Eddie were some kind of a beetle.

"If it's to do with Official Secrets, it's serious," he said. "What have you got to tell me? Go ahead in your own way, but remember you were set on it. Don't blame me later if you find you've landed yourself in the soup."

"Oh, no," Eddie said, twirling his soaked cap, "I want to get the whole thing off my mind at any price. That's why I'm here. You see, I work for London Aircraft."

"What job?"

"I'm a junior clerk. Not much more than an office boy, really, sir. I'm married though. Kathleen has a better job than mine, really, as a typist. Kathleen's the wife, sir. When we got married we planned that she'd go on working until I got a rise, or the luck changed somehow. Everyone said it was as cheap for two to live as one. But things didn't come out that way. You see, we've been married nearly a year now and Kathleen's going to have a baby."

The inspector nodded. "Always happens. Never known a case of the kind where it didn't. If you were a duke and wanted an heir you could go on waiting. Well?"

"Naturally, that upset everything. I mean she

"I've come to give myself up," said Eddie. The policeman remained aloofly amused. "And what have you been a-doing of?" he demanded. "Murder?"

couldn't go on working and so money was short. Then there'll be the expense of the baby and all of that. Of course, we're glad enough in a way, but——"

"Yes, yes," said the inspector. "Get on with it."

"Well, sir, London Aircraft are working on the rearmament programme, of course, and they've got a new motor which is a real winner. A quarter the weight and giving three times the horsepower, so I've heard, but, of course, I'm not on the mechanical side, so I don't know all the details. Apparently, all the same, it's a wonderful thing."

The inspector tapped with a pencil. "You've stolen the plans, is that it?"

Eddie gulped and sat up stiffly. For a moment his tongue would not work. "Yes, sir," he said with an effort.

"Why?"

"To get money for Kathleen and the baby, sir. I'd never have done it for myself, sir. I'm a quiet living kind of a chap. It was only all the expense and responsibility that got me down."

"Yes, yes. You met someone, eh?"

Eddie was respectfully surprised at how much the inspector knew. "Yes, sir. I used to go in most nights when I stopped work and have a half-pint at the pub near the works. Presently I got pally with a very decent fellow who used to do the same. Just an ordinary chap like myself. We used to spin a yarn for half an hour or so. After a bit it came out that he was in a job like mine, McCann Brothers, who're sort of opposition firm to us. Well, we naturally used to talk shop now and then and, naturally, I told him about the new motor. And naturally he was interested, sir."

"And so he suggested you should steal the plans?"

"Yes, sir. It was easy really. There was a duplicate set at the bottom of the safe and if I watched out for my chance I could grab 'em. He worked the whole thing out for me, sir. You see, he was a young married man, too, sir, and his wife was expecting a baby which made us sort of have a lot in common. His idea was that if he could show his firm the plans he'd get a fat bonus out of them on the quiet, and he'd be able to split it with me. In fact they'd promised him as much."

"What was your share?"

"He thought there'd be two hundred in it for me, sir, which, of course, was a real packet and just when I needed it. And as he pointed out, it wasn't as if I was dealing with foreigners or anything like that. It was only helping on the rearmament programme. It wasn't fair for one firm to have a motor like that and not share it with the others. He put it to me that it was only patriotic to see that as many motors as possible should be turned out if it was so good, and that we were only serving our country against the greediness of my bosses."

The inspector smiled, rather grimly. "He was most noble about it, wasn't he? You agreed?"

"Yes, sir. I thought it was for the best, and I did need that money for Kathleen. Well, Peters, that was his name, sir, was ordered off up north, where his firm has another branch, but we fixed all the details before he left."

"I'll bet you did," said the inspector.

"I was to take the plans when I'd the chance and post them to a friend of his, name of John Whittaker—another Englishman, you see, sir—who was a photographer. I was to send them so's he'd get them by the last post. He'd photograph them that night and post them back to me at the pub near the works, so's I'd get them on my way in in the morning."

"Quite a matter of post-haste," said the inspector.

"Yes, sir. My money would be with them and all I had to do was slip them back in the safe."

"Mr. Peters was certainly very helpful. But on thinking the matter over you thought better of it? Saw you'd no guarantee that the money would be with the plans. Saw it was a criminal act? Got cold feet on it and came to us?"

"Oh, no, sir," Eddie said. "I posted them this afternoon when I knocked off, so that Mr. Whittaker would get them to-night. It seemed a great chance, because he'd have the week-end and would be sure to get them back to me on Monday morning. But after I'd done it, sir, I began to get scared. I've had an awful time, just walking about. That's why I came to you."

"Hell," said the inspector, "why couldn't you have done it a couple of hours ago? The post'll have been delivered long ago. What's this address?"

He snapped into activity.

Now that they were in the car and he had everything arranged Inspector Davenport seemed less like a bright, fierce, merciless rook. He cocked one leg over the other and sat back, lighting his pipe.

"Lord," he said, "innocents like you cause almost as much trouble as the bad eggs. That wife of yours oughtn't to let you off the chain. I suppose you realise this friend of yours is about as British as an Eskimo?"

"Oh, but he is British, sir," Eddie protested. "If he hadn't been I'd never have palled up with him."

"I don't mean, chump, that he's got black whiskers and talks with an accent. They had to pick the right man, so they got a swipe who's prepared to sell his country, meaning this fine pal of yours. I'd say you were another, but you're such a simpleton that though you've been tricked into playing the traitor, you'd no idea of it. Just as well for you you've no money, or you'd be a certain mark for a con' man who was just setting up in the profession."

"You mean, sir," said Eddie, more worried than ever, "that Peters doesn't work for McCann's?"

"Of course he doesn't, and a child should have seen it. But I suppose that's about what you are and that's why he picked you for a sitting-shot. Do you think it would pay one firm to do that to another? Isn't there an Air Ministry? Don't you think that even if London Aircraft wanted to do the dog-in-the-manger stuff, McCann's could have questions asked in Parliament, and got whatever they wanted by legal means? Do you think they'd have to run round bribing office boys? My sainted aunt, and they give people like you a vote."

Eddie had never felt smaller in his life. He could have believed that he had actually dwindled into a small and foolish schoolboy. Had he found a

(*please turn to page* 13)

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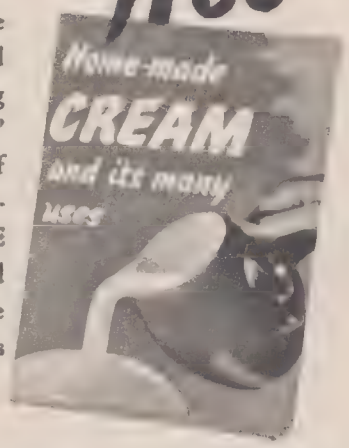

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JS 192-71

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dunce's hat on his head he would not have been surprised. As the car rushed on—he wondered, passingly, what would happen if they were gonged—he sat crushed by the sense of his own folly. How could he have been so simple? Out at Cricklewood he was regarded as quite a bright young fellow. Kathleen always said it was a shame he wasn't head of a department at London Aircraft. Inspector Davenport's opinion gave him quite another picture of himself.

"What will they—what will they do to me, sir?" he asked.

The inspector made a sound between a grunt and a snort. "What you want," he said, "is a good hiding, like mother used to give you. I don't know how you'll get on. You may have saved your bacon by giving information. If we can round them up—and I think I know the lads we're after—it'll count in your favour. You'll be the chief witness and you may miss gaol, but, of course, you'll lose your job."

"I see," said Eddie, and dropped down into a slough of silence. He might miss gaol, but he would lose his job! That was fine news for Kathleen! And he had hoped to do so much for her. Better if he were dead! He saw his return, with a policeman on either side. It was a vivid picture and though he shut his eyes it would not go away.

The inspector spoke to the driver and the car slowed down to a more reasonable cruising speed, whilst the detectives peered out.

"This is The Crescent," the inspector said, "and there's your friend's friend's studio. As I thought: an accommodation address—small tobacconist's and general shop. Drive on, Higgs, and drop me round the next corner. You two," he addressed the detectives now, "wait at either end of the block. If he hasn't been in, by any chance, I'll wait. If I come to the door and light a cigarette follow the man who's just come out. He'll probably be only a messenger and it's the heads we want. When you find out where they hang out call the other cars and surround the place. Report back and I'll be along. You may as well come with me, Payne."

"Yes, sir," said Eddie.

The car drew into the kerb and, in silence they walked back through the rain, Eddie marvelling that his feet would move, for he felt so numb and wretched that his body did not seem to have any life in it.

The shop was small and commonplace, like any one of a thousand of its kind. An elderly man with an untidy beard sat behind the counter. Inspector Davenport introduced himself with brusque authority and brought the bearded man to his feet in servile concern.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I do oblige customers sometimes by allowing them to have letters addressed here. Yes, sir, there has been a gentleman coming in for a week or so asking if there was anything for him. A Mr. John Whittaker."

"Been in to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Damn!" said the inspector.

"But there was nothing for him, sir. What I mean is there were no letters at all by the last post. Most unusual, sir, because quite a number of my customers avail themselves of my kindness. I don't imagine it can possibly come now, but we've a temporary postman and it's just possible that he may be as late as this. But if you want to see Mr. Whittaker he'll be in again just before eleven. He always comes twice, to be sure. Seems very anxious to get whatever it is he's expecting."

The inspector gave a grunt of satisfaction, which Eddie echoed from the bottom of his heart. What a stroke of luck, and on a day which had seemed the blackest in his life. The inspector gave brief instructions.

"Just stroke your beard and I'll know it's John Whittaker."

"Yes, sir," said the shopkeeper, showing them into a room at the back. "Here's the spy-hole, sir. You can see the whole place without being seen. Handy, as well you know, sir. There's a telephone in the corner, if you want to put any calls through. You can't be heard from the shop."

Old Jo, temporary postman, whose tired feet, in leaking shoes, had made the last delivery on such a night a thing to be postponed until the morning, at any cost, sat in his furnished room opening the letters which had tempted him beyond his strength. Though some had yielded rich treasure trove, he was not surprised when the big envelope held nothing more interesting than a lot of blue prints. His experience that night had taught him that the most promising letters were the disappointing ones. He threw the drawings aside. The fingers he could no longer control, hurried on to a cheap envelope. In its corner was half a crown. That was better.

"So I won't be able to go home to-night, sir?" Eddie asked.

"You'll be needed," Inspector Davenport said, still watching the shop.

"If I was quick, sir, could I telephone to my wife?"

The fact that, by some miracle, they had been in time, had put the inspector in a good-humour.

"All right! Go ahead, but make it snappy."

"Yes, sir," said Eddie, so relieved that he leapt to the telephone, forgetting the real purpose of his call.

Mrs. Pugh did not answer—Kathleen did. He gulped, wondering what he could say, but his perplexity was needless.

"Eddie!" cried Kathleen, in a wild excitement which brooked no delay. "Thank goodness to get you at last. Hurry home quick. If they won't let you go, walk out. Wonderful news! Oh, I can't keep it till you get back. I've been hoping you'd ring again. I simply couldn't stay at our place. It's the pools, of course, love! Haven't you seen? Oh, I'm so glad I'm first with it. You know the way you filled them in in a temper, and deliberately picked all the most impossible results? Well, they've all turned up. The penny, the five away, the whole lot. We must have won thousands."

She became incoherent and Eddie jibbered back at her. He did not know what he was saying, but neither did she, so that did not matter, and he had enough of his wits still about him to replace the receiver before he was compelled to say just when he'd be home.

The inspector was still at the spy-hole, but he chuckled.

"I gather Kathleen and the youngster are going to be all right financially," he said.

"Yes, sir," Eddie gasped, mopping his brow. "Oh, yes, sir."

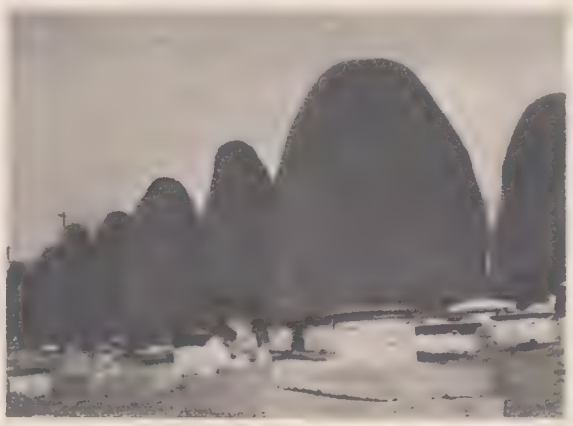
"And that's our man," Inspector Davenport said. 'It doesn't matter your not seeing him. I know the gentleman, and you'll make his acquaintance at the Old Bailey." He moved out briskly.

"Yes, sir! Oh, yes, sir!" Eddie cried. He did not know there were tears of joy and relief on his cheeks.

NEXT WEEK
Taking The Rap

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature, receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose stamped envelope



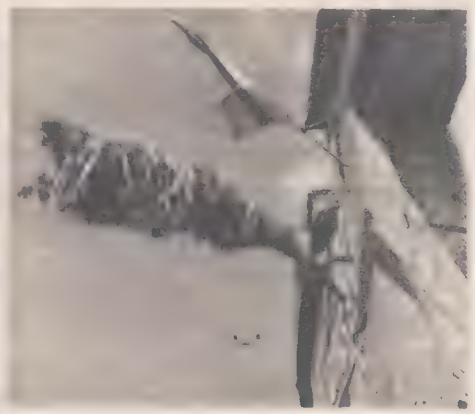
In the churchyard of the village of Painewick, Gloucestershire, are ninety-nine clipped yew trees. Tradition says any hundredth tree planted, has died

The owner of this firm in Holland is superstitious about the number thirteen. We wonder what he'd have done if his telephone number had been 1313!

This shoe-repairer, in Newcastle, North Ireland, has erected a clock composed solely of materials and tools used in his craft. The face is a piece of leather—Time Marches On!

We found it hard to believe that this is a heating stove, but it is quite the custom, in Sweden, to decorate them like this!

This is a notice outside a spinner's mill in Halifax. Of course, the whole thing is quite in order, really!



When the harvest is over, the French peasant puts out his last bit of hay on a flagstick, together with his native flag. The last straw!

Interior of a pigeon-house in a farm near Paris

WORLD WITHOUT TIME

BY W. J. PASSINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY T. GRAINGER JEFFREY

WHO'S WHO IN THE "SOLAR STAR"

CAPTAIN JOHN BARLEY, grey-haired, grey-eyed, fifty, big in stature and wise in the way of the sea, is the first to realise that something has upset the balance of the world. He is in charge of the yacht *Solar Star* in which

JAMES HENRY WENDERBY, twenty-six-year-old millionaire, sails for the South Pacific Islands in an attempt to forget his grief, caused by the death of his parents in a railroad accident. With him are

SAM KILLICK, a young journalist, who became friendly with Wenderby at the time of the crash,

"TINY" MILTON, school friend of Wenderby's whose gigantic stature is equalled only by the greatness of his good nature, and

DOCTOR GEORGE THORMANSON, envious cousin of the millionaire whose brilliance as a scientist is outweighed by his pompousness. Bad weather spoils the trip and the yacht is heading back for New York when it is caught in a storm of such ferocity that not only are the ship's engines disabled but also the radio is put out of commission. As the storm passes Barley realises something strange has happened to the world. Clocks and watches go crazy, the sun rises thirty minutes before its time according to the calendar, his men are possessed of a mysterious buoyancy and the ship is drifting towards the Antarctic in a current that should not exist. It is then that a 'plane lands to leeward of the ship and a woman shouts for assistance.

DID you hear that, Sam?" Jimmy Wenderby stared back at me wide-eyed. "A woman!"

"Two women," I corrected and pointed to the occupants of the control cabin. "Get your eye on the shape beneath the leather coats. But what are they doing here?"

"It's what they'll do now they are here," Tiny Milton drawled. "As though we haven't had enough trouble aboard this ship! The worst has happened now. Just watch the fur fly when those two have settled down among us."

While Tiny expressed his dark foreboding in no uncertain language, the men lowered one of the ship's boats. We all watched this operation anxiously, for the danger of being swept away by the powerful current between ship and plane was obvious even to a landsman. The words *Southern Maid,* painted on the control cabin, set me thinking fast to recall where and in what circumstances I had seen that name before. The answer came at last and I spoke aloud in my astonishment.

"If this doesn't beat everything!" I gasped. "Sally Alton flies the *Southern Maid*!"

"Sally Alton!" repeated Jimmy. "Why, that's the girl they photograph and rave about in the magazines. She's famous—a high-stepper, too, Sam."

"High and handsome," I agreed, staring over the side. "Both these women must have had a rough passage. This complicates matters for us, Jimmy. What are you going to do?"

As I asked the question, the two airwomen were lifted up on deck, and then came Captain John Barley in search of information. They both dragged off leather flying helmets and, after that, I was too preoccupied to note the questions and answers. One glance was enough to show that both these feminine fliers were bordering on collapse.

I recognised the taller one instantly and so did the others. The redoubtable Sally Alton—a pale Venus with dark hair and a square jaw—was one of the most photographed women in America. Her feats of endurance in long-distance flights over the Pacific airways were known the world over. But it was her companion who held my undivided attention from the moment I obtained the first clear look at her.

She was leaning wearily against the rail, a tumbled heap of chestnut hair released by the helmet falling across her shoulders. The eyes were big, brown, set wide apart in the kind of face they use to advertise perfume and beauty treatment. I saw a small bowed mouth set firm above the neatest chin you could imagine. She looked good enough to set the town alight and get away with it. As far as I was concerned, I knew that all she said would go, and wondered how the others felt about it. While I stared at her, that neat, little chin started to quiver, the corners of her mouth drooped. Just as I was thinking about getting into my stride, somebody tapped my shoulder and I looked round to find Jimmy Wenderby beside me.

"Mind if I share your cabin from now on, Sam? We have to find accommodation for these two, somewhere."

"Sure," I said vaguely and noticed that she was crying now. "Do just what you like about it, Jimmy—but who's the short one?"

"Nina Lennox is the name and she's the secretary. They make a habit of going places together. I'll have to clear my things out of the cabin right away. See you later."

I drew nearer to where John Barley stood talking with our new guests.

"That machine of yours is sinking, Miss," John was saying. "I shall have to cut her adrift."

"Just as you say, captain," the Alton girl answered, listlessly. "It's all my own fault, anyway. They warned me not to leave the aerodrome at Punta Arenas until more information came through about the storm. But I was anxious to get back . . ."

"The storm, Miss?"

"Yes. Surely you've heard what happened last Sunday night, during the storm?"

"We know all about the storm, of course," John said quickly, "and we know that something must have happened somewhere." He explained what had wrecked the radio and our propeller-shaft. "You see, Miss Alton," he ended, "we're right out of touch with everything. But I've suspected something serious since early on Sunday morning. Tell us all you know."

"I know very little," she confessed, wearily, and yawned while the captain waited on every word in a fever of expectation. "We landed at Punta Arenas from Montevideo last Saturday afternoon and were held there by bad weather reports until Monday morning. Then a story began to spread about that some kind of earthquake had taken place deep down in the centre of the earth. It all sounded like another publicity stunt to me and I didn't pay much attention. There was something wrong with the time, too and, like a fool, I ignored all their warnings. It never occurred to me that what had occurred might affect my compass, that all navigation would be disorganised. But that's what has happened. We started off at dawn on Tuesday and have been flying right off our proper course ever since—flying until the petrol supply gave out. I thought we were finished until I saw your ship. . . .

"If you'd let us sleep somewhere, captain, we'd be much obliged. Please! I can hardly stand and Nina's the same way. . . ."

As the steward led the two women away to their cabin, old John Barley's expression was almost comical in its dismay and disappointment. I saw him draw a knife and slash at the line holding the abandoned airplane and then we stood, side by side, on deck watching the machine drift astern until it finally disappeared beneath the sea.

"That's that!" I said. "What now, John?"

"Trouble!" he said darkly. "It was bad enough before and now we have two women aboard to make matters worse. Hell! Where's this damned trip going to end, I wonder?"

I stepped closer to him, spoke in lowered tones. "That's the very question I was going to ask you, cap. On the level, now, where are we going?"

He pointed over the side to the racing tide bearing us onward, and spoke almost in a whisper. "South, Mr. Killick! Wind and tide—everything is going south. It will take us several more days of work

Thormanson pushed with all his weight and as he did so we saw it moving, as on a hidden axis. Moving! It turned as easily as a well-oiled door. A dim twilight came through to us as the logan-stone turned!

down below before our engines are going again and, meanwhile, there's nothing for it but to drift. If the present conditions continue we'll be right inside the Antarctic Circle—and making for the great ice-barriers. There's no way through those barriers this side of the Weddell Sea and unless we fetch up on an iceberg . . ."

John Barley hesitated, raised a warning finger. "Mind, this is no gossip for the saloon, Mr. Killick! You asked me a plain question and I've answered it, but there's no necessity to frighten the others—especially now we have women to think about."

For a long time after he had gone, I stood by the rail, staring ahead at the waste of great waters. To what queer destination were we being carried so relentlessly—helpless and unable to summon assistance? What had happened to the everyday world now beyond our reach—to that civilised world where they claimed that Time was Money?

"If only the money has gone with the time, it'll be a damned good thing for all of us!" I muttered, earnestly. "But what kind of storm, or earthquake for that matter, could alter Time?"

The idea was too fantastic to dwell upon and soon I had other and more urgent matters to occupy my mind. Down below, I found Jimmy Wenderby storing his trunks in my cabin and we sat down to talk things over.

"If it weren't for these two women aboard, it wouldn't matter," Jimmy concluded. "We're in a tight corner, Sam, and not even old John can see where it will end."

"It's getting colder," I said, ominously.

"Not so cold as it ought to be so far south, according to old John. I think he's scared of us running smack into an iceberg and piling-up the *Solar Star*."

"Can't something be done about the radio, Jimmy?"

"The operator's doing his best, I'm told, but the repairs are a long and tedious job. It seems that they didn't bargain for the whole works being burned out when they listed the spare parts. I'm afraid there's nothing more we can do in that direction but wait—and hope for the best."

So we waited, hoped and speculated while the *Solar Star* drifted on—always toward the south. On the following day, Sally Alton and Nina were acquainted with our predicament. Then we waited for the tears. But it seemed that a good night's rest had completely restored the ladies to a normal frame of mind. Their reactions to the bad news surprised us all.

"Don't worry about us," Sally told old John, "because we're just used to drifting here and there, aren't we, Nina?"

"Sure," said Nina, cheerfully. "If it weren't so cold, I'd be tickled to death. As it is, I'm just hungry."

"There's plenty of food," Jimmy assured her. "Look at Tiny."

"I've looked," she answered. "Big boy for his age."

You know, I couldn't help admiring her just then. The situation aboard the *Solar Star* meant sweet nothing to Nina.

After the show-down, things were much easier among us all. Thormanson forgot his quarrel with Jimmy and soon showed he had found a new interest in the person of Sally Alton. Even Jimmy changed and I caught him looking at Sally, once or twice, with a queer expression—as though he ached to start something but wasn't quite sure of himself. Where Sally was concerned, however, Thormanson beat him to it every time. George showed her round the ship, with Jimmy following at a distance.

It was on Thursday, that I drew Thormanson's attention to the fact that the sun, according to his watch and mine, rose at thirty minutes after midnight. We were alone on deck at the time.

"Look here, Killick," he said, earnestly. "You've got this trouble all wrong and, being a doctor of science, I can claim to know what I'm talking about. This time business seems to be getting on everybody's nerves and there's really no necessity for worry at all. The whole thing's so damned silly! The sun rises somewhere around six a.m. in this part of the world and the fact that something is wrong with our watches means nothing."

"Nothing, eh!" I exclaimed. "Can you account for all the watches aboard this ship going wrong at the same time? How about the ship's chronometer? The captain's chronometer agrees, near enough, with

(*please turn to page* 42)

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Mr. Garp was apparently made of sterner things, for he filled his pipe with Nutty Noisome Mixture and smoked contentedly. The clock ticked solemnly, the cuckoo came out and went in according to use and wont, but Mr. and Mrs. Brindle cared for none of these things

AN EYE FOR THE BIG FISH

Mr. Garp added considerably to his hidden wealth, through introducing Mr. and Mrs. Brindle, of the Trufits, to a black bottle of exceedingly good, smuggled rum

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CALEY CLINTON

MR. GALLETT came to Trufits in a hurry; he admitted as much. "I'm a student of affairs," he told Reverend Blazer, when that gentleman called. "I feel that I cannot live quietly in London any more. I have a vision of invasion, of fires, explosions, poison gas. It may be unhealthy imagination, but at my time of life we must submit to our fancies. So I have come down here to go on with my work in tranquillity; I shall maintain the greatest possible privacy."

Trufits is a small Anne house, on a hill overlooking the Whitewater Estuary. Reached by a modest drive and shaded by conifers, it comprises several paddocks and a couple of spinneys with elm, chestnut and larch prominent above the undergrowth; a score of acres in all. Mr. Gallett is middle-aged, bearded, spectacled, hesitant in speech and slow in movement. His staff consisted of Charles and Mary Brindle, middle-aged man and wife, who lived in, while a gardener with wife and family occupied the cottage at the entrance to the drive. All were imported, a matter for suspicion and criticism, as Mr. Barrow remarked, when he found that the stranger was receiving hampers and cases from a well-known store in town.

"You don't want half a dozen furriners coming from nowhere an' buyin' their groceries from Lunnon," he declared. "Serve them right," he went on vindictively, "if something went wrong along o' them. Then time they wanted things here, nobody'd serve 'em."

Mr. Gallett had few friends and they were no more social than himself. A car or two would come to Trufits on a Friday or Saturday night, to leave on the Sunday evening, but the visitors were not seen anywhere in the area described as "up street."

Mr. Spitty, eminent among bakers, Mr. Blades, most prosperous of country butchers and Matthew Garp, fisherman, were the only tradesmen to call for orders. These are given very briefly by Mrs. Brindle, who apparently finds life too short for gossip of any description and too full of duty to justify more than a walk with her husband on a Sunday afternoon, generally along the deserted sea wall. When, on one of these brief excursions, they were hailed round the bend on the wall by Mr. Matthew Garp, who was bringing his boat up on a full tide, they were almost distressed.

"I got some lovely poutin'," he shouted, "if you'll wait a minute an' let me tie the owd boat up, you kin take some home. I got a matting basket."

Mrs. Brindle glanced at the tall, dark, ill-favoured man who must have been her girlhood's choice and as he nodded his approval, they followed instructions and stood on the wall above Mr. Garp's garden.

"There," said that gentleman, as he proceeded to transfer his considerable catch to a wicker basket, "do you come far as me kitchen an' you can pick an' choose for yourselves." He limped noticeably.

Once more Mrs. Brindle's eyes sought permission; once again Mr. Brindle gave it. They descended by steps cut in the sea wall on the land side, they passed down the garden path with its neat border of cockle shells. They entered the kitchen-scullery, where Mr. Garp was already cleaning some of the fish, aided by an alert young man, who wore a coarse, canvas apron. "That's me nephew, name o' Jarge," Mr. Garp explained. "I wrote me brother f'r him three days ago. I've sprined me hind leg and Dr. Guiver should say I got to rest it for a week or two. But I can get out in me boat right enough, an' Jarge will take me catch round."

"Uncle has always been very good to me," declared Jarge, who is young, blue-eyed, fair-haired and red-checked. "I'm very glad to come and lend him a hand."

"He's a clever boy is Jarge," declared his uncle, "brought up on a training ship he was, to be sure. He can make the headest cup o' tea if you'd care to have one, ma'am," he added, addressing Mrs. Brindle. "The kettle's a-singin'. You don't want to say no."

Mrs. Brindle has few weaknesses, but tea is one of them, and while Mr. Matthew Garp showed his nets and lobster pots to her husband, Jarge made tea, cut bread, delicately, buttered it generously and brought a pot of jam from the nearby cupboard. His uncle threw him a glance of approval from time to time. When they sat down to table, Mr. Garp produced a bottle of rum and persuaded his guests to satisfy themselves about the excellence imputed by a generous spoonful to a cup of tea that else might cheer, but could never hope to make you feel as though you liked yourself. Mr. and Mrs. Brindle were influenced sufficiently by their refreshment to admit that it had greatly improved the pleasure of their weekly walk. They confessed that, had they known the cottage was just round the corner, they might have penetrated so far, before.

"Come again nex' Sunday," suggested Mr. Garp. "You'll find me here."

"If you wouldn't mind coming round with that fish, to-morrow," suggested Mr. Brindle, delicately, when the invitation had been accepted and Mr. Garp had asked how many he would like, "I'd be glad. Mr. Gallett might not like to see me carrying the matting basket on a Sunday. He's a very particular gentleman."

"I could bring it round on my bicycle when Uncle has told me how to get there," suggested Jarge. "He's going to lay up to-morrow; at least he won't be walking and I'm taking his round for him."

Thereupon Mr. Brindle kindly gave him the route and that done returned with his wife along the sea wall road to the point where they would

(*please turn to page* 19)

Curly Top BABY WINS *Lovely Hair* CONTEST

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Not a drug—Yet it Absorbs Acid and Ends Pain

Recent discoveries have shed new light on Stomach and Digestive troubles. Our forefathers ate enormously of food that would severely tax the strongest of modern digestions. Yet few suffered from the many forms of Indigestion so prevalent to-day.

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cross the fields and clumb the hill to Trufits, two miles away.

The trouble to Mr. Matthew Garp's hind leg, i.e., the leg that does not use the fork when digging, was slow to heal; he is no longer young. Mr. and Mrs. Brindle acquired what might be called a fine Sunday afternoon habit. Sometimes Mr. Garp's bright, young nephew helped him to welcome his visitors, at others the old man complained that "boy Jarge bin an' gone gallivantin'."

Happily he was always well enough to do the honours unaided; nor was the excellent rum lacking. On one occasion Mr. Garp waxed obscurely vainglorious. He hinted that, as a seafaring man, he found it was possible to get a little rum now and again without paying Government "forever o' money," adding that a wise man did not live at the back of beyond on the desolate rim of sea wall for health's sake alone. "Ne yet me father, nor his father neither," concluded Mr. Garp.

"There's a lot of things in this world, people don't know about," observed Mr. Brindle.

"Me gran'father lived here in the old smugglin' days," continued Mr. Garp, "time when men'd slit a' throat quick as you'd kill a rat. He got on well along of 'em an' when he died he left a bar'l o' rum in th' cellar. He'd plastered it in so that me father never found it. Then the old plaster cracked and time I cut it out to make it good I come across the barrel. I've broached it f'r me birthday regular since then and that comes agen nex' Friday. I'll keep it o' Sunday and we'll have a drop. A little rum o' that sort's bound to do anybody good."

"That's very generous, Mr. Garp," declared Mrs. Brindle. "Perhaps you'll allow me to bring you something from the kitchen. What would you fancy?" Mr. Garp thought hard.

"If you could both stay and have a bite along o' me an' Jarge," he declared, "there's nought amiss of a steak and kidney pudding. Leastaways," he added, "not as I've ever heerd on."

"I'll see to it," said Mrs. Brindle, but her husband shook his head.

"Not next Sunday," he reminded her. "Mr. Gallett will have company this week and the one after. If Sunday fortnight would do?"

"Make it so, then," agreed Mr. Garp, with resignation, "if that will suit ye. I'm beholden to ye for buying me fish and payin' reg'lar. There's a many don't."

Mr. Brindle smiled his acknowledgment. It was his rule never to discuss Trufits or Mr. Gallett and he would have been quick to admit that Mr. Garp had never shown the slightest interest in either the one or the other.

The fortnight sped through mellow, autumn days; on the Sunday of the promised visit, the clocks were to signalise the passing of summer time. Mr. and Mrs. Brindle left when lunch had been served and cleared. Unless he had guests, and on this day he was alone, Mr. Gallett would sit in his study working steadily, until the light was failing. Then he would take a stroll across fields and through spinneys, returning to his study and thence to the dining-room where a cold meal awaited him.

Mrs. Brindle had left everything in order before they started out and looked forward to a pleasant afternoon. They had grown kindly disposed towards the old fisherman, whose stories of shipwreck, mine sweeping and smuggling, flight shooting and fishing were so different from anything they had heard before. Mr. Brindle carried the steak and kidney pudding in a neat wicker-work basket; it would need no more than brief sojourn in a saucepan. Mr. Garp had told them that he would "eat light oneish," that is to say, that he would have a snack about one o'clock and he advised them to do the same. Then they would have a tea supper at half-past five and they could be back at eight to look after the master. Mr. Gallett gave no trouble when he was alone. The chauffeur-gardener not only had the Sunday afternoon and evening free, when there were no visitors, but was allowed to use the small runabout that was his employer's second string.

They reached the point on the sea wall punctually; the sun was speeding down the west, the colouring on tranquil waters was extraordinarily restful. Here, on this lonely spot, life stood still; you could sense no more than the faint pulse of time. Mrs. Brindle had been born in a northern sea port and the old days came back to her. Even Mr. Brindle was moved to quiet enjoyment when Mr. Matthew Garp, having put the pudding into a large iron saucepan on a well-prepared fire, joined them on the wall and spoke a little angrily of Jarge, who apparently had met a "young womankind." He had declared, said his uncle, that he'd liefer go gallivantin' along o' she, than stay to get the first cut of the pudding and a tot of the best rum in the world. "You can't help a fool," declared Mr. Garp, bitterly. "I ouldn't go runnin' arter any womankind, t'ain't likely." As Mr. Garp will not meet his seventieth year again, it seemed reasonable to believe him.

"The air gets a bit chill," declared Mr. Brindle at last; he did not share the enthusiasm of his wife and his friend for sunsets.

"That's most time we come in," agreed Mr. Garp. "I'm sharp set."

He led the way to the table that his nephew had laid before departing in pursuit of "some young dollops," as Mr. Garp harshly described the unknown charmer; Mrs. Brindle served the pudding and all three did their best. The kettle sang from the crane, tea was made. Mr. Garp produced a black bottle. The room was very hot, the air outside had been very keen; Mr. and Mrs. Brindle drank their well-laced tea and fell fast asleep in the armchairs to which they had retired on their host's suggestion. He apparently was made of sterner stuff for he filled his clay pipe with Nutty Noisome Mixture and smoked contentedly. The clock ticked solemnly, the cuckoo came out and went in according to use and wont, but Mr. and Mrs. Brindle cared for none of these things.

At eight o'clock in the evening Mr. Gallett rang his bell, continued to write an important letter and forgot to ring again for a quarter of an hour. His study has two doors, one leading from the circular landing, the other leading to his bedroom. A little annoyed, he rang again and this time the response was swift, even startling. It came from both doors and was accompanied by a peremptory request that he would be good enough to hold up his hands. He did so, even while his knees pressed two switches that serve curious purposes, establishing connection with several far points of interest.

"Don't bother about those switches," said the pleasant-voiced young man, who had entered by way of the bedroom. "I disconnected them while you were out. Your men are several miles away. The little car has been stopped and Mr. Brindle—we'll call him that for the present—is probably fast asleep in a cottage on the sea wall. We shall take him on his return. Everything is in order. I hold a warrant for your arrest; there are three men waiting downstairs."

Mr. Gallett, who looked as though he had aged ten years in ten minutes, said nothing; the attack had been too sudden. He suffered himself to be searched and handcuffed. He declined courteous permission to make a statement. He sat motionless while the young man with the pleasant voice proceeded to press certain springs in the bureau, springs that released secret drawers bearing papers with plans and figures and ciphers.

"I seem to know you," said Mr. Gallett, faintly, for his world was crashing about him as though one of the bombs he had left London to avoid had found him out; "how?"

"I've been bringing fish to the house for some weeks past," replied the bright young man, "in place of the old fisherman who has been helping us. The man you call Brindle has been going to him every Sunday. As I knew my way in, I was able to look round and put things to right when you were out. We'll take you to Chenchester and you shall be formally charged there."

"Tell me," inquired Mr. Gallett, "when did you start to shadow me?"

"Well," said the celebrated detective, who combines an extremely youthful appearance with qualities that have brought him to the high places of his profession, "you'll hear all about that in due course from Matthew Garp. He knows every creek in the estuary. He was on patrol duty here during the war. After he had given us something to think about, it was easy work."

A brief note in the daily papers some three days later announced that two men, of foreign extraction, had been arrested on a charge of espionage and had been remanded in custody for inquiries. No further particulars were published.

Mr. Garp's nephew, Jarge, has gone back where he belongs, his uncle's hind leg having recovered. Under a board in the bedroom of Mr. Garp, where he keeps savings he will not entrust to the unreliable Savings Banks, there are many new Treasury notes. The rightful owner of Trufits has returned. The village attributes the departure of Mr. Gallett to natural causes. In the high places of Scotland Yard, the chubby young man, who looks as though he were fresh from a public school, receives many congratulations.

Matthew Garp is a very reticent man, but conscientious withal, and he felt he owed an apology to his brother, also a bachelor, for making a father of him. So Simon Garp was invited to come from Market Waldron to spend a week-end at the cottage and his brother, having explained and apologised, told his simple tale.

"Months ago," he remarked, between puffs at his pipe, "after them furriners come to Trufits, I kep' on hearing a motor engine bein' started up after dark down by Trufits creek, but nothing never came out. That suspicioned me wunnerful. So I went about an' waited, an' every night that Master Brindle come down to th' little boat house an' started th' engine an' did a bit of oilin' whiles, an' he got a canvas cover, green, an' brown an' yaller, that he let down in front so if anybody come along they'd never ha' noticed anything. I got into the boat after he'd gone one night. It got the marvellest engine ever you see and its sides were all painted different colours."

"Clammyflage they call that," explained Simon Garp.

"That's the word," agreed his brother. "I wholly misremembered it. I counted that Master Gallett wore a smuggler, so I bin up to Market Waldron an' ast the 'spector what a good smuggler with a first-class moty boat might be worth. He should say he dedn't know by th' good rights, but he thought a man who helped to catch such might be sure that'd pay him. So I ast him f'r a piece o' paper an' he wrote me one an' then I towd him about that Master Brindle an' how I went to Trufits along o' me fish an' a week arter that he said he wanted a young man to goo on me rounds. 'Call him y'r nephew,' he sez. 'I ain't got a nephew,' I towd him. 'Then we'll borry one an' lend him to ye," he sez."

"That's a master," said Mr. Simon Garp.

"Govinment's as cunnin' as a cartload o' monkeys," continued his brother, confidentially. "Jarge, that's what I called him, hadn't bin here a week afore he knew all about the insides of Trufits an' th' hours they kep' there. Then I gotter git Brindle, an' his womankind down here o' Sundays, time th' gardener an' his wife was out too. I done it, an' Jarge went over Trufits like he'd bought it. Then he fixed his day an' brought a bottle of extry special rum an' told me not to drink none of it if I wanted to keep awake. Brindle an' his womankind had some an' slep' fower hours by me clock an' time they got back to Trufits there worn't no Master Gallett—only two or three p'licemen. They do say they was spies, but there, I'm sorry f'r that Mrs. Brindle. They dedn't wanter lock her up."

"Happen she wore a spy too, Mat," suggested his brother.

"That don't sinify if she was," retorted his brother warmly. "You don't wanter lock up a woman who kin make steak an' kidney pudden same as she can. There ain't enough o' them about. I bin up to Market Waldron an' ast th' 'spector to let her goo, an' he should say he couldn't. He should say she bin aidin' an' abettin'."

"That wore a dirty bit of him," declared Simon Garp, in support. "A woman got to aid her husban', being' she's married him. An' you don't wanter lock folk up f'r bettin'."

OLD JOE

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NEXT WEEK

THE DREAM

Dozing in the noon-day sun, Father Francis and Longshanks begin to wish they hadn't eaten cold suet pudding for breakfast. For it left them in no way to deal with the flying steam-roller

BY FRANCIS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY L. C. ILLINGWORTH

INVARIABLY when I am asleep I dream most vividly and it occasionally happens that, in my dreams I know that I am dreaming and thus I am not much put out by anything that may come to pass in that state, for I realise that it is all a dream and that presently I shall awaken.

Now, Longshanks and I, by reason of the great heat of the morning and also because we had eaten some cold suet pudding for breakfast, felt uncommonly drowsy long before noon; wherefore, being in a quiet, minor road and judging that we should not be disturbed by traffic, we laid ourselves down against the bank that bordered it and fell, incontinently, into slumber.

How long we lay there I do not know, but presently I thought that I awakened and looked up through the network of leaves of the lime tree under which we lay.

As I lay there, my arms behind my head, pillowing it, and gazed lazily at Longshanks, he turned and looked down at me.

"It's odd that I should dream of you, Father," he said. "I never do in the ordinary way. It must be that cold suet pudding we had for breakfast."

"I was thinking the same," I said. "I suddenly realised that I do not normally dream of you, and I wished I might do so and hey presto! there you are!"

And then a queer thought struck me, and I frowned. "It's most extraordinary, Longshanks," I exclaimed. "Do you realise that I am asleep and dreaming of you and that you are asleep and dreaming of me and that therefore our two dreams have become one dream? Surely this is most unusual. When I wake up, I must remember to write and tell the bishop about it. He'll be most interested."

Longshanks was frowning, too. "It must be that cold suet pudding," he repeated.

"Maybe," I said. "But I think it's rather jolly, meeting you in a dream like this. Now that we know how to do it—we mustn't forget the cold suet pudding preliminary—we can often dream in concert. What happens, though, I wonder, when we don't *both* wish for each other?"

Longshanks stood up and looked round. "It's a very beautiful place we're in," he observed.

"The beauty of a dream is," I said, watching a hawk swoop upon a tiny bird, "that you know everything is unreal. In waking life, for instance, I should be quite put out if I saw a hawk preying on a poor, defenceless bird, but in a dream you know it isn't real and doesn't matter."

"Let's walk," Longshanks suggested. "We shall probably come upon all sorts of extraordinary adventures, and whatever they are, we needn't worry. As you say, we shall know they're not real and presently we shall wake up. I remember once dreaming that I was about to be hanged, but I didn't mind a bit, even when they put the rope round my neck, because I knew I should wake up before I died—I mean——. Bless my soul! What do I mean?"

"Don't bother, Longshanks," I said to him, easily. "I understand you. . . . Yes, it's a most comforting feeling. Personally, I like dreaming."

By this time we were a-foot. We had not gone far before we passed round a bend in the road and there, on the other side, stood a steam-roller! A little man in a Homburg hat with a small feather on the back was busily polishing the brass sign of a horse on the roller's chest, which sign, I remembered, even though I was dreaming, showed that the engine was made in Kent.

"What odd things one sees in dreams!" I exclaimed, with a chuckle. "I haven't seen one of those hats—especially with a feather—since pre-war days."

Longshanks laughed, too, and the little man, with a start, turned round. At once he raised his hat in a most commendably polite way.

"Please go on with your polishing," Longshanks urged him. "Will the horse come to life presently?"

"You're thinking of Aladdin's lamp, sir," he said, with a kind of simper. "I'm polishing it 'specially bright' cos my young lady's comin' to see me this afternoon, and I wants everythink to be spick and span."

"Where is she coming from?" I asked.

"From London, your reverence," answered the good fellow. "She's a policewoman."

Longshanks sniggered.

"Her name's Dulcie and it's 'er birthday today," the good fellow said. "I'm giving her a pair o' silk stockings as a present." Whereat he patted a bulging pocket.

"Charming," said I. "Tell me; what is your name?"

"Ernest, sir," said he. "Ernest Tolworthy, at your service, sir."

"I suppose you couldn't give us a ride on your steam-roller, could you?" Longshanks suggested.

"O' course," responded Ernest, with alacrity. "I'd be glad o' your company. But it's a bit dirty like."

I was not a little alarmed by the prospect of riding on a steam-roller, but I reflected that I was dreaming and so, whatever happened, no real harm could befall us. Wherefore I made no demur.

Ernest bade us mount into his driving cab, the which we did inexpertly. From this eminence I surveyed the countryside and especially did I admire the poppies in the cornfield we had but recently left behind.

"I should like to go really fast," said Longshanks. "After all, it doesn't matter how fast we go, because we're dreaming."

"Dreaming, sir?" queried Ernest.

"Yes; the good Father and I went to sleep after eating some cold suet pudding, and here we are dreaming merrily. The steam-roller's unreal, Ernest; so are you, for that matter. Or perhaps you're real enough, only you're asleep, too, and you've met us in your dream."

A most interesting development of my theory, I thought.

Ernest looked about him in a bewildered way. "I—I——," he began.

"Of course you're asleep," Longshanks assured him, interpreting his unspoken remark. "How could these things happen in real life? Think how oddly we're all acting—you no less than we."

"But how *can* I be asleep?" Ernest quavered.

"You *must* be asleep," Longshanks said, "unless you don't exist and the good Father and I have merely imagined you."

I was trying to puzzle the matter out for myself. Was it possible that all the people one met in a dream were the spirits of sleeping persons, likewise a-dream?

"I don't expect it's really Dulcie's birthday," Longshanks went on. "You've merely dreamt it."

"But I've got some silk stockings for 'er," Ernest protested.

"You only think you have," Longshanks assured him. "Anyhow, start the steam-roller and let's be off."

Mechanically, Ernest got the iron monster into action.

"You make me feel frightened," he whimpered. "I wish I 'adn't seen you. . . . Ain't I *really* real?"

"Don't I keep telling you you are?" Longshanks exclaimed, impatiently. "Here! Steady! You nearly had us in the ditch that time! Not that it matters, of course, seeing that we're dreaming."

The little man spun the steering wheel nervously. The bewilderment in his face made him look most comical.

Longshanks was apparently enjoying this unusual experience. "I don't suppose we'll ever have a chance in our waking life, Father," he said, "of riding in a steam-roller. Think of the wonder of it. Our poor old bodies are lying somewhere by the roadside sleeping off the effects of cold suet pudding, and here we are, our real selves—our spirits—careering along the highway in this bizarre fashion."

Ernest was boggling at him in a most pathetic way.

"And here's Ernest," Longshanks went on. "He's left his body behind, too—in a bed somewhere, most likely, or perhaps it's sleeping by the roadside, too—and his spirit's driving a steam-roller." He looked at Ernest reflectively. "I don't suppose he's ever driven a steam-roller in real life," Longshanks went on. "He looks more like a—like a poet than a driver of a steam-roller. It's wonderful what you can do in a dream."

For some reason Ernest was now looking positively frightened. His hands shook on the steering wheel, and his foolish mouth gaped open. Wherefore I was apprehensive lest he guide the steam-roller into disaster.

"Moreover, I don't suppose there is such a person as Dulcie," Longshanks went on. "A woman with a name like that couldn't possibly be a policewoman. She——"

I nudged Longshanks surreptitiously, intending to draw his attention to Ernest's condition, for indeed, the little man seemed like to collapse. But I was too late.

"I'm off," muttered Ernest, his silly mouth a-quiver, and before he could be stayed he had clambered down from the lumbering vehicle. I grabbed the wheel in dismay and then turned to remonstrate. But Ernest was diving through the hedge. The last we saw of him was his headlong flight across the meadow.

Longshanks of a sudden burst into a bellow of laughter.

"It's all very well, Longshanks," I said severely, "but we are now in a fine pickle. You'd better stop the steam-roller so that we can alight."

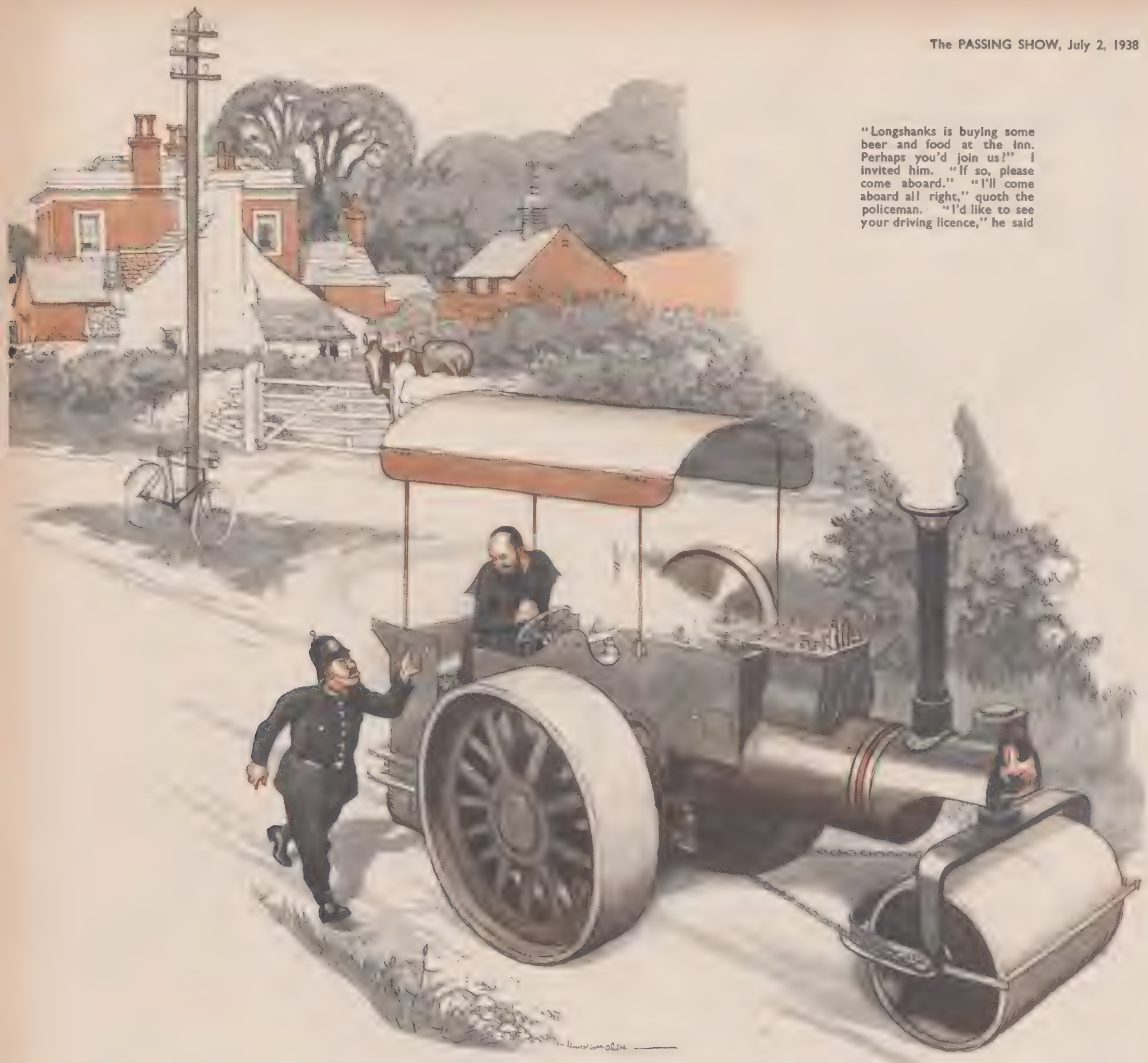
Longshanks sobered down and looked at the array of levers and dials.

"Which one is it?" he asked.

"How should I know?" I exclaimed, irritably. "Stop the thing, I tell you." I spun the steering wheel desperately in order to prevent our following Ernest through the hedge. "Stop it at once!"

"But I can't," said Longshanks. "I don't know anything about steam-rollers."

"Then you ought to," I said, severely.



"Longshanks is buying some beer and food at the inn. Perhaps you'd join us?" I invited him. "If so, please come aboard." "I'll come aboard all right," quoth the policeman. "I'd like to see your driving licence," he said

"I shouldn't worry about it, Father, if I were you," Longshanks tried to pacify me. "You know what dreams are. We shall possibly be flying in an aeroplane in a minute, or shaving off our beards in a London bus. I remember once in a dream walking along Piccadilly without my trousers."

"Disgusting!" I commented, feverishly turning the wheel first this way and then that. "Anyhow, if you can't stop the con—— the horrible thing, take over the steering and let me try."

Longshanks therefore took my place and, as he had done, I looked vaguely at the levers and dials. Gingerly I touched one of them and was nearly startled out of my skin when a queer noise came from the monster's belly.

"You'd better leave things alone, Father," Longshanks warned me. "After all, we can easily jump off if the worst comes to the worst."

"We can't do anything of the sort," I snapped at him. "We can't leave a steam-roller to go careering along the road without guidance—even though we are only dreaming," I ended, weakly.

The steam-roller chugged along and before long, because Longshanks quickly learned how to steer it, I became more easy in my mind. But I was conscious of hunger and thirst—perhaps the sight of a hamlet ahead suggested food and drink to me. I told Longshanks.

"I'm feeling that way, myself," he said. "The trouble is that, in dreams, when you eat and drink you don't taste anything. Indeed, my experience is, you generally wake up just as you're about to——"

"I wish we *could* wake up," I broke in. "I've just remembered we've got to collect some money at Petworth post office before it closes; otherwise we shall have to sleep 'rough' to-night and dispense with food. We must wake up as soon as possible," I said, looking at the sun, "for it must already be mid-afternoon."

"If we don't wake up," Longshanks pointed out, "we may sleep through the night. Then we shall save money."

"Don't be foolish, Longshanks," I chid him. "I'm hungry. And besides, I haven't said my Office—there's Terce and Sext and None to say, already, and there'll be Vespers and Compline soon. I can't say to-day's Office to-morrow."

"But if the good Lord doesn't cause us to wake up till to-morrow," Longshanks remarked, reasonably enough, "he can't mind if you miss saying your Office."

By this time we had reached the outskirts of the small hamlet.

"It isn't as late as you thought," said Longshanks, pointing to the church clock. "It's only ten to two. . . . And I could do with some beer," he added. "There's just time."

"But we can't stop the steam-roller. You won't stop the wretched thing even if you drive it into that brick wall," I said, pointing to the wall round an orchard.

"We don't need to," Longshanks declared. "Do you take the wheel, Father, and I'll jump off and go and buy some food and beer. I'll soon catch you up. . . . Look, there's the inn."

There was no time for argument—nor was I disposed to disputation, for I was uncommonly thirsty. Wherefore I fumbled in my pockets, and produced what money I had. Then I took over the steering wheel from Longshanks and bade him depart, with my blessing.

"And do you rejoin me as soon as possible," I counselled him, anxiously gazing ahead where several chickens were perambulating the road in a carefree fashion.

But Longshanks was already gone.

(*please turn to page* 23)

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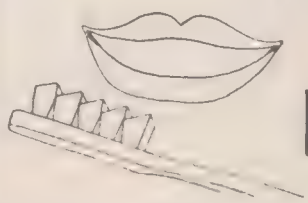

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HORLICKS

GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

Nobody seemed to be abroad in that village—I suppose the inhabitants were all at their midday meal—and for this I was grateful, for I thought that, clad in my cassock as I was and driving a steam-roller, I might possibly excite derision in thoughtless people.

I came to the chickens and had to resort to shouting in order to disperse them. By good fortune, I got the steam-roller past and made for the farther end of the village.

At the crossroads stood a solitary figure. It was a policeman. I might have expected that in such a dream as this an officer of the law would soon put in an appearance. His bicycle was propped against a telegraph pole.

He stared at me as I drew level.

"Good afternoon, officer," I called, dexterously spinning the wheel so that the steam-roller went into the narrower of the two roads.

He gaped at me. The roller was level with him, now.

"Nice weather we're having," I called again.

"'Ere, 'old 'ard!" he said suddenly. "Where'd you get that there steam-roller?"

"Steam-roller?" I queried.

"Yes, steam-roller," he repeated, darkly. "The one you're drivin'."

"Oh, *that*," I said. "It's Ernest's—Ernest Tolworthy's . . . at least, I suppose it's his."

The policeman was in motion now, keeping pace alongside.

"He sort of left it to us," I said, in an unconcerned voice.

"Ho! 'E did, did 'e? And 'oo's 'us,' might I ask?" demanded the constable.

"Longshanks and I," I explained. "Longshanks is buying some beer and food at the inn. Perhaps you'd join us?" I invited him. "If so, please come aboard."

"I'll come aboard all right," quoth the policeman. "I'd like to see your drivin' licence," said he.

"Driving licence?" I queried. "What's that?"

The policeman peremptorily ordered me to stop.

"But I can't," I pleaded. "I don't know how to stop it. Nor does Longshanks."

The policeman was purple by this time. He snorted violently and began to clamber on to the vehicle.

"*You* stop it," I invited when he was beside me.

He looked at the array of levers and dials, what time I spun the wheel to negotiate a bend.

The policeman was spluttering and making queer noises, the meaning of which was beyond my understanding. In some anxiety I looked round to see whether Longshanks were in sight, but I could discern no sign of him.

"This 'ere's a serious business," quoth the policeman. "'Ow comes you to be in possession of this steam-roller, might I ask?" he demanded.

"Innocently enough," said I, and I told him how Ernest had been giving us a ride when, for some unknown reason, he had suddenly bolted. "And I wish someone would stop the abominable steam-roller," I said, "for I am in an extremely parlous position. Moreover," I went on, peering vainly back along the road, "I seem to have lost Longshanks."

The policeman was regarding me in a queer fashion.

"Where did Tolworthy leave you?" he demanded.

I told him, as near as my knowledge of the place allowed.

The policeman thought hard. "Look 'ere," he said, "I'll go back and find the man. If you takes the fust turnin' on the left you'll come back to the crossroads again. If I'm not there wi' Tolworthy by that time you better repeat the dose, so to speak."

"You mean I'm to come down this road again and turn to the left and get back to the cross-roads?" I asked, doubtfully.

"That's wot you've got to do," said he. "And mind, no 'anky-panky, or it'll be the worse for you. You keep on drivin' in a circle till I comes back."

As I watched him run back for his bicycle I could not forbear to chuckle. In truth, this was a most amusing dream, even though the present seemed to be fraught with serious consequences.

But where was Longshanks all this time? Suddenly I remembered the crossroads. He must have taken the wrong side of the fork, foolish fellow that he was. Well, if I turned to the left, as the policeman had commanded, I should meet him.

The road narrowed. Ahead, I could see a fork. With much dexterity I steered to the left. Then I heard children shouting and fear came upon me. Were they in the road ahead? No; they were playing in a meadow alongside.

The new road began to go downhill; to my dismay the roller started to accelerate. Desperately I essayed to keep the cumbrous machine on a straight course.

Then the road became level again and later started to ascend. The steam-roller chugged and wheezed solemnly onwards, no whit put out by the change. In this wise I covered, I suppose, a couple of miles.

But I did not meet Longshanks; wherefore my apprehension—and also a most outrageous thirst—grew apace.

Ha! the crossroads again. I had to steer to the left, I remembered. Should I not, however, rather go on to the inn and try to find Longshanks? But I am a law-abiding citizen—even in a dream—and so I turned dutifully to the left once more.

And then, as I rounded the bend, I saw Longshanks plodding wearily towards me, whereat I realised at once what had happened. He had, after all, followed me on the correct road but having gone a considerable distance, had concluded that he was on the wrong one and had returned.

Clumsily, he hauled himself up on to the steam-roller.

"Where *have* you been?" he demanded, in considerable ire.

"Give me a drink first," I begged him. "My mouth's like a lime-kiln . . . I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, Longshanks," I added. "I thought you must have woken up and left me in the dream. Give me a drink."

"I can't," said Longshanks, unhappily. "I haven't even had one myself. As I was running round a bend a policeman knocked me down, and all the bottles were smashed. . . It's a rotten dream, Father," he ended. "Let's wake up."

"Yes, but how?" I asked miserably. "I wish we hadn't eaten that cold suet pudding."

Then I told him about the policeman—it was *my* policeman doubtless who had knocked him down—and what I had been commanded to do.

"But there's a stream at the bottom of a hill we have to go down presently," I said. "I feel inclined to run the roller into it and desert it."

He pondered this in silence.

We came to the turning which we had to take and negotiated it safely. Again I heard the children. To my horror I found that many of them were now in the road. I shouted furiously; so did Longshanks, as soon as he perceived their danger.

But they did not scatter. Instead they awaited us.

"Give us a ride, mister," shouted one urchin and the others promptly took up the cry.

"Keep clear!" I shouted urgently. "We can't stop it."

When they saw that no ordinary man was driving the roller they whooped with joy, and as we came alongside several of them clambered on board.

"Oh, children, children!" I exclaimed in horror. "Think of the danger!"

Shouting and laughing they crowded us in the narrow cab and one of them started to fiddle with the instruments. Of a sudden the roller lurched to a stop! By accident or design, the child had manipulated the right control!

"Thank heaven!" I breathed and at once began to descend to the ground, followed by Longshanks.

"We'll clear off," I said. "I've had enough of this. The policeman'll be along presently with Ernest; then they'll take over."

"That's all very well," remarked Longshanks, "but we can't leave those children on the roller. Suppose one of them started the wretched thing again." Then his face brightened. "But I suppose it doesn't matter," he said. "After all, it's only a dream, and it'll all dissolve so soon as we wake up."

Nevertheless, his first remark caused me to watch the children anxiously. Indeed, I was moved to warn them not to touch anything. I might just as well have bidden them stop being children. A shriek from the siren rewarded their first effort at manipulating the controls. So shattering was the din that Longshanks and I moved away. For several minutes we watched them—and listened, perforce—from a distance. Then they tired of the din and investigated the other possibilities of the instruments before them. Simultaneously the steam-roller began a prodigious chugging and heaved ponderously into life. The children shrieked with delight.

With a cry of dismay, Longshanks and I dashed forward together—and collided and fell. When we picked ourselves up, the roller was over the crest of the road and beginning the descent which had alarmed me when I had driven the monster on this road earlier.

"Merciful heaven!" I exclaimed. "There's a stream at the bottom! Suppose they can't steer it properly!" And then I shouted in much urgency: "Jump!" At the same moment I started to run, bellowing commands as I went.

Those children were most intelligent. One by one they leapt and tumbled from the roller which, by good fortune, kept on a straight course, though its speed was now much increased. Longshanks had drawn abreast of me. We still ran, both of us hoping to board it and steer it to safety.

I became aware of men's voices behind us and glanced over my shoulder. Breasting the crest of the hill was the policeman, labouring on his bicycle, and Ernest Tolworthy panting alongside him on foot.

When I looked to my front again I saw to my horror that the steam-roller had left its course. It plunged through the hedge into a field. Yet still it was upright, though lurching drunkenly on the rough grass.

How can I describe what followed? I could see the stream below, hear the bellowing of the policeman behind. Longshanks and I had followed the roller through the gap in the hedge, but we had not gone far when he grabbed my arm.

"This way!" he bawled, guiding me across the field. "We'll disappear now."

Grabbing the skirts of my cassock in both hands I suffered myself to be steered to safety. I heard the roller plunge into the water, the hiss of escaping steam, a queer, muffled explosion. . . .

I swear we had run nearly half a mile before Longshank's hand ceased to compel me. With pumping heart I dropped, therefore, under a hedge and lay panting painfully.

We had not been pursued. As I regained my composure, I heard Longshank's voice.

"This is the first time I've ever gone to sleep in a dream," he said, "but that's what I intend to do."

"I too," I said, looking sleepily at the elm tree branches overhead and then closing my eyes. "I pray that in going to sleep we shall wake up, so that this dreadful dream shall be ended."

And we slept.

* * *

When I awoke again the evening was closing in. A solitary bird sang his Vesper hymn in the branches overhead. I looked up at him sleepily and remembered my dream. How vivid it all was still! Well, I thought, at all events I was now awake. That being so I must be back on the roadside lying under the blossoming lime tree, where originally we had gone to sleep after our breakfast of cold suet pudding.

But this tree that spread its branches above me was not a lime. It was an elm!

In much disquiet, I struggled to my feet. Longshanks was lying alongside, deep in stertorous slumber. We were in a field on the side of a hill.

Thoughtfully, I went along the crest a little distance and then looked down into the valley. Through it flowed a stream. With a shock of utter dismay I saw, farther along and some distance away, a half-submerged steam-roller and on the bank stood a little crowd of people.

SO TOUGH

they swallowed glass, tin-tacks and clasp knives . . . but they got a real K.O.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BRASS KNUCKLE

by

GUY GILPATRIC

Don't miss this new Glencannon story

NEXT WEEK

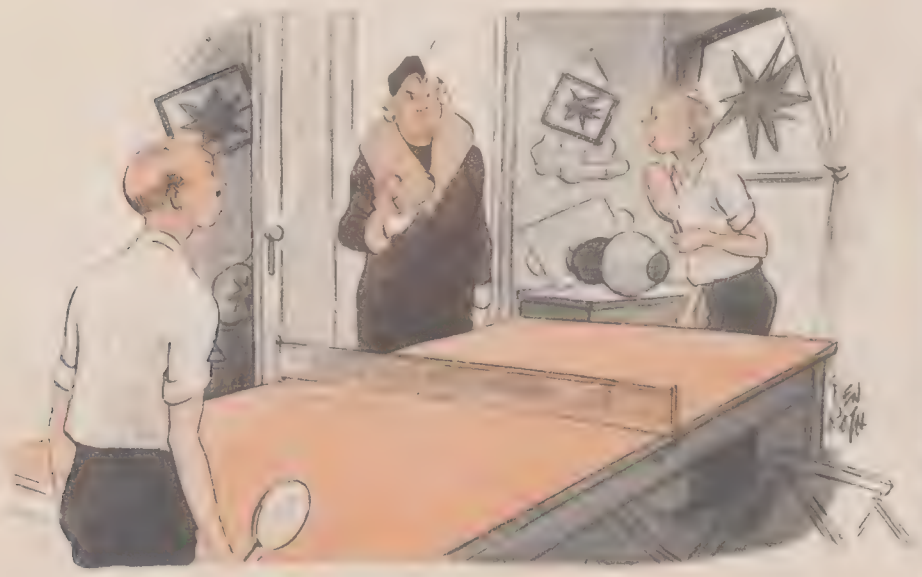
Laugh

The "PASSING SHOW

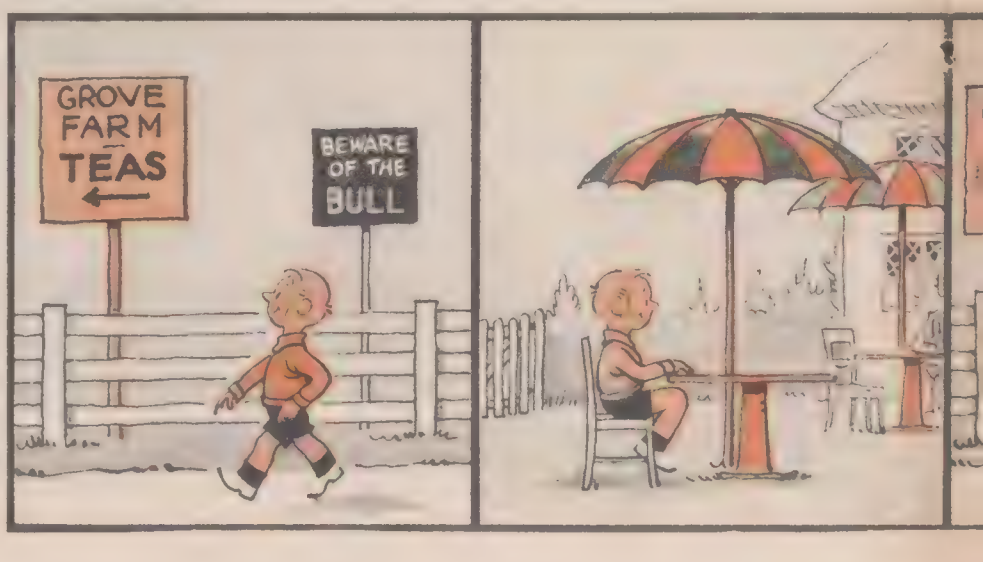
"I may be poor, but I intend keeping up appearances."

"One of our directors is visiting the show to-night!"

"I'm sorry, but our interior decorator insisted on it."



"It was Dad's idea to try it with a golf-ball."



olkter

ow" Smile Section

"I know your boy has a meccano set, but you really must stop taking the girders home!"

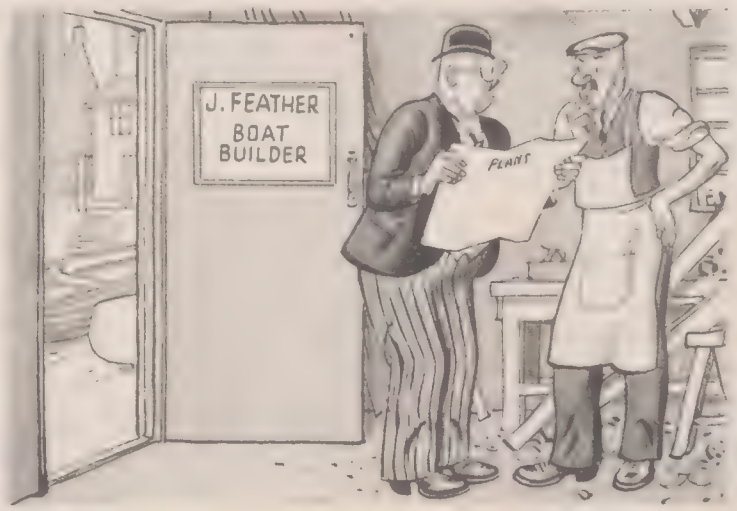
"We almost had fame, captain, I just missed the *Queen Mary* by a hair!"

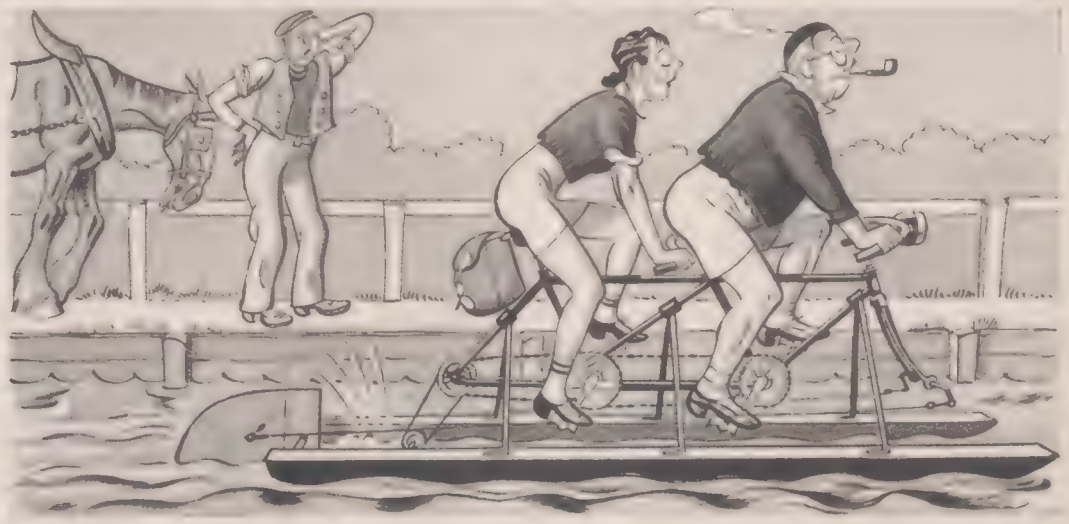
"Sure, use the phone, by all means—I only came in here to practice my cornet!"

"I like a creeper; we'll be here most of the summer!"

A MAN OFF THE ROAD

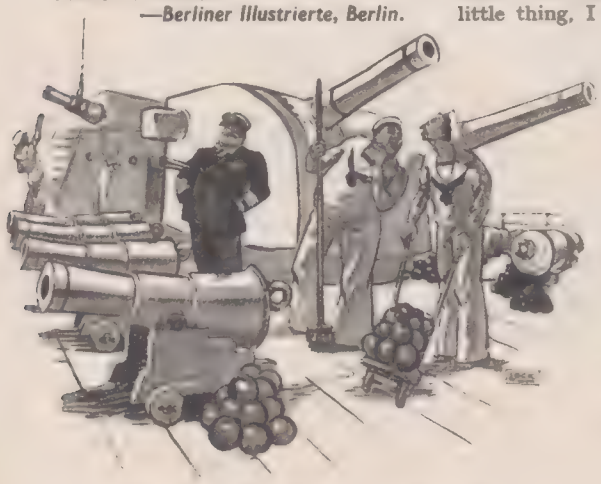
By A. C. BARRETT





LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"I do not drink and I do not smoke."
"Then you have no vices?"
"I have—I tell lies."
—*Berliner Illustrierte, Berlin.*



"Sometimes I feel that the Old Man carries his admiration for Nelson too far!"

TALKING OF DREAMS

CAMEO STORY

BY PETER FABRIZIUS

I DON'T know how we came to talk of dreams. I hadn't seen Harry Fowler since we were students together and so there were heaps of more interesting things we might have discussed; and yet, after ten minutes full of pleasure at meeting again, in which we spoke a lot and said nothing, we began talking about dreams.

"It's curious," I said, "sometimes everything in a dream is just like it is in real life and then, another time, just the opposite. Of course, there's nearly always some connection. They say you can dream a whole life in five seconds."

Harry nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, it is strange! It once happened to me . . . but I wonder what fate was trying to tell me, for one thing is certain, it was trying to tell me something."

"Tell me about it," I said, encouragingly.

"I got to know a girl at a party, her name was Betty; she was a charming little thing, I saw her home afterwards. Then I went home and fell straight off to sleep; and who do you think I dreamt of?"

"Why, of Betty, it's only natural!"

"Well, yes! Natural or not, I dreamt of her in the rosiest colours, and I fell in love with my dream Betty. She had all the qualities I'd always wanted in a girl, she was sweet, docile, a good housekeeper, she could read my thoughts in my eyes——"

"Yes, and she shared all your joys and sorrows and so on, I can imagine it all. And what happened next?"

"Don't be so impatient! She introduced me to her parents; her mother was just the kind of woman I'd always wanted for a mother-in-law—"

"Well, why not? In a dream!"

"Don't keep on interrupting me, fool! Where was I?"

"At the mother-in-law."

"Oh, yes! And her father was a good fellow, who gave me to understand that his daughter would have a large dowry. And yet she wasn't spoiled; she could cook, she made her own clothes, she didn't gamble or smoke——"

"I know. All the virtues. I can imagine it all, a typical wish-dream. And what happened next?"

"You and your eternal 'What next!' Well, listen. I said to myself, either it's this girl or no girl for me; and, one day, I had an extra-special shave, went to the florist and bought some lovely, yellow roses——"

"And then you saw yourself go off to her parents and ask their permission to propose to her."

"Quite right. That's just what happened. Her father was delighted, so was her mother and Betty said yes. But why should I keep you on tenterhooks—we married. White frock, beribboned car, wedding-breakfast, congratulations from friends and relatives—and so on."

"I can imagine it all. And then?"

"Then we went on our honeymoon. Naples—Rome—Sicily—pictures of sunshine and blue skies——"

"Wonderful."

"Yes—but all of a sudden, everything was changed. For instance, the colour of Betty's hair. One week she was fair, the next brown and then she'd be red——"

"Well, why not? I once dreamt my poodle was a tax-collector and I even stroked him."

"And then Betty's character began to change. She suddenly began to want to be master, she gadded about all day and bought all sort of things we didn't need.

I was always chasing after her, without being able to find her."

"That's typical."

"She smoked, she gambled, spent hours at the dress-maker's and the hair-dresser's. Her mother was a perfect nuisance, always arriving when she wasn't wanted and setting Betty up against me. Her father made no more mention of the dowry, and when I hinted, he made an awful row, as if I'd asked for heaven knows what; nasty scenes.

"One day, as I sat at my desk at twilight, Betty was out as usual, thinking about a husband's life and whether it was really I who felt so differently now I was married, the bell suddenly rang, loud and shrill——"

"And you woke up!"

Harry looked at me stupidly. "I woke up?" he repeated, as though he didn't understand. "You're getting us both all mixed up with your eternal interruptions. What do you mean by 'I woke up'? I've been telling you nothing but the bitter truth for ages. The awakening took place when I proposed to Betty!"

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2 HOURS Does it

COOLTAN

FOR A SUN*TAN* THAT'S SMART – INSTEAD OF A SUN*BURN* THAT SMARTS!

PADDLING ALONG

BY MAJOR RAVEN-HART

Travelling the waterways of the world in a portable canoe provided the author with many sensational adventures, the cream of which he mentions here

IF you travel by canoe, as I do, for preference, you may not cover great distances, but "you do see life," in a way that no traveller by train or car is likely to do.

Perhaps of all the curious incidents that have come my way, the most unusual was on the Dalmatian coast, in Yugoslavia. We were in one of the landlocked inlets that abound there, more like lakes than gulfs of the sea, under sheer cliffs hundreds of feet high; and as we already knew where our quarters were to be that night we stayed out unusually late, tempted by the moonlight and the thin mists that drifted in eerie wreaths over the polished steel surface of the water.

That was very pleasant; but next day we continually found ourselves being watched from those steep cliffs by soldiers with field-glasses. Once we even saw some soldiers manning a machine-gun at our approach. We moved on hurriedly, assuming vaguely that they must be having Autumn manœuvres and regretting that these should come to break the loneliness of the shores.

That evening, when we arrived at the village where we had proposed to sleep, we found a patrol on the landing-wharf, fixed bayonets and all, and our passports were demanded and checked, a most unusual happening in this very friendly and hospitable country.

Only at the inn did we learn that fishermen had reported the presence of a submarine in the gulf the night before and as no Yugoslav vessel was in the area the authorities naturally assumed Italians were spying out the channels and mobilising the whole coastal-defence forces, rushed down senior officers from the nearest headquarters to investigate.

Seen at a certain angle, a collapsible canoe takes on very closely the silhouette of a submarine, the bodies of the two canoers blending into one mass to suggest a conning-tower. Moonlight and mists had done the rest. This is, I think, the only time that my boat has been mistaken for a warship.

Still, I was suspected of carrying high explosives to blow up the dam at Isne on the Nile, presumably also for Italian aims; and I was once arrested as a spy, at Küstrin on the Oder, in North Germany. As I put it to the police officer, when you turn part of an obsolete fort into a beer garden and part into a Youth Hostel and sell photographs of it all over the town, how on earth is the unfortunate foreigner to be expected to guess that it is still a "military secret?" He was very sympathetic and merely confiscated my films to comply with the law; as he had them developed and sent them on post free to my home in France, I scored financially by the episode.

Although I carry a tent, in case it is needed, I sit on it, while its pole acts as my mast. I never use it if other quarters are available and I have had some curious experiences, in village inns, swagger hotels (when it was raining hard and there was nowhere else) and haylofts. I have slept on mattresses on the floors of dance-halls and skittle-alleys and enjoyed the security of German Youth Hostels with their militarised routine.

Once I was allowed, as a favour, in a hopelessly overcrowded town, after I had searched vainly everywhere at two a.m., to sleep on a soldier's bed in a German barracks; in the morning it was like awakening in a nightmare and finding myself back in the army; and on the wrong side at that!

One of the most uncanny nights I ever spent was in a hayloft in Germany; loft and hay were entirely normal, but we were puzzled, even to the extent of lying awake over it (and for canoers that is a real exception) by the noises coming from below.

It sounded as though small children were quarrelling in an unknown language; or as though parrots were imitating Siamese cats, or like someone talking into a flute. In the morning we found that it was monkeys, the farmer having a little zoo of his own. Luckily, none of them got loose and visited us, or we should probably have telephoned to the nearest asylum to come and collect us. On my Nile trip I slept once in a temple, hoping vainly for dreams; something (a lizard I suppose, though it may have been Rameses II) ate through the wrappings of a forgotten tablet of chocolate, in the night, tinfoil and all, but even such rustlings did not awaken me—canoers *can* sleep.

Just as I prefer local accommodation to camping, so also I make it a practice to eat local food and drink local drinks instead of cooking for myself. Perhaps some of the most curious foods are to be found in Poland; bean salad flavoured with cinnamon, for instance; or in Lithuania, potato-cakes eaten with thick cream; though Germany runs these close with mutton-stew strongly flavoured with aniseed. Most unexpected of all is perhaps the cold, sweet soup served at the beginning of a meal in many parts of Germany.

One of my partners, an Englishman, has never quite forgiven me, I fear, for not warning him about this soup. After one mouthful—I sat still and let him try it. He was expecting something hot and spiced; a cold, sweet liquid, flavoured as this was with chocolate, came as such a shock that he sat with it in his mouth, unable to swallow in his astonishment.

Meals on the Nile are remembered less for any particularity of the food than for the manner in which they were eaten—sitting on the sand, under trees, in a circle of the village elders, tearing off pieces of the Nubian paper-thin millet-bread, made in huge flat discs two feet across and more and, with these as a protection for our fingers, dipping biblically into a large, common dish in the centre of the ring, containing vegetable stew or pigeons or eggs, and trying to convey the fingerful to the mouth without dribbles on the way.

I have had to drink everything from the very sweet tea, strongly flavoured with mint, of the Nile, to the sugarless, milkless pale amber brew of Burma; from a liqueur made from peach-kernels at a village on the Seine, to cognac, drunk *at* Cognac on a Charente cruise, to say nothing of a wonderful beer, neither light nor dark, brewed only at a monastery on the Danube. And I suppose I should also include the waters of the Nile and of the Mississippi, both of which I drank with impunity, in spite of their colour and texture, like weak Gregory-powder.

Perhaps the most unforgettable is "bear-trap," an insidious drink made in East Prussia from whisky and honey; the theory is that the sweetness attracts the bear and the whisky sends him to sleep. I certainly felt more like sleep than canoeing after it.

And wild beasts . . . I wish I could tell you of snakes coiled up on the bow of the boat and mistaken in the dark for the painter, or of lions looking down. Actually I did see a wild elephant shaking trees, and monkeys, too, as we sailed on the Irrawaddy and, on a sandbank, which I favoured as a camp-site, the tracks of tiger, as my Burmese companion gently pointed out. And I met a crocodile on the Nile. We left in opposite directions with such haste that neither of us was really sure of the other. Once I saw an alligator swim across the river *underneath* my canoe; it sounds much worse than it really was, since it happened on the Silver Run in Florida, where the water is so clear that you can take photographs under it, and see fish at eighty feet (or alligators at twenty).

Much more startling than either crocodile or alligator was an occasion on the Bayou Teche, a delta-arm of the Mississippi and the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline," which is why we did it. My companion, sitting forward as the "crew" always does, was paddling quite happily when suddenly his right-hand blade seemed to explode a mine.

The water boiled up, half a bucket of it came aboard and the bow swung round violently. It worried us considerably. It worried him so much that for the next hour he could not make a decent stroke with this right-hand paddle for fear of starting another eruption. He never felt worried about the left one, which shows how pleasantly stupid canoeing makes you.

It was explained to us later that the "alligator-gar" is a queer fish with lungs as well as gills and has to breathe air as well as water; so he basks just below the surface and as he may be twenty feet along, you notice him when your paddle-blade interrupts his siesta.

But to be honest, I think my worst scare was once when we were eating lunch in the boat, and I picked up a tomato without looking at it. I was putting it near my open mouth, when it wriggled in my hand and turned out to be a large frog that had jumped in from some nearby bank.

Of people, I must speak mainly of my companions rather than of those met on shore, for one evening is short allowance to get to know anyone. But of companions I have had many, since I have no one who can afford to spend whole seasons with me; I generally pick up local youngsters.

Obviously, the rivers themselves supply much of one's experiences, from a gentle current that steals away a badly secured boat so that you have to swim after her, to rapids that come clean over your head, where wave follows wave so quickly that you have hardly the time to wipe your eyes clear. The non-canoer seems to think that one meets such rapids by dozens.

In reality, rivers that have them are relatively few and most of the rapids, even on these, are entirely harmless; there are, of course, rapids that will capsize you, but the modern collapsible canoe is so stable that such are very rare.

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THEY SAILED FOR SENEGAL

BY WILSON MACARTHUR

ILLUSTRATED BY W. SMITHSON BROADHEAD

DISASTER has overtaken the *Medusa*, a frigate carrying the newly-appointed governor, Col. Julian Schmaltz, his family, and a complement of soldiers and civilians, to Senegal, a colony returned to the French by the British after the final defeat of Napoleon.

Through the incompetency of her commander, the Vicomte de Chaumareys, the frigate has been wrecked on the Arguin bank, off the coast of Africa, it is decided that the vessel shall be abandoned.

Eventually men are crowded on to a raft and the boats are occupied by the governor and his people, while a few terror-stricken people remain on the wreck, refusing to be moved. The convoy moves off, but the boats are so overloaded that they are forced to cut the raft adrift.

After battling with a storm all night, the boats become separated and the governor, in consultation with de Chaumareys, decides to proceed to St. Louis by boat and not risk landing on an inhospitable coast.

Next morning, however, land is sighted and, when shallow water is reached, the soldiers clamber overboard and wade ashore, preferring the hardships of a long march in a wild country to the hazards of the sea.

Meanwhile, the other ships of the expedition have reached St. Louis, and they are eventually joined by the open boats carrying the governor and his party. Rescue parties leave immediately to find those who are trudging across the desert, while a brig is ordered to return to the wreck to salvage the bullion and to search for the raft which is carrying the bewildered, suffering survivors of the storms further away from land. The brig sails near to the raft and passes it without even seeing its signals of distress.

★

M. BREDIF was a philosopher. He had need to be. On the frigate, he had been robbed of almost all his personal possessions. Also, he had been subjected for a time to a considerable mental strain, believing that he was about to be abandoned on the wreck along with d'Anglas and more than sixty soldiers who had already displayed a disturbing disregard for order, discipline and the rights of private ownership.

On the sloop, he had suffered as much as anyone from the overcrowding, belonging to the very small minority of civilians, who could expect consideration and assistance neither from the soldiers nor from the sailors. Furthermore, he had been relieved, some time during the sloop's voyage, of his purse, containing one-half of all his cash.

Briefly, he disembarked on the sand of Africa in his shirt and drawers. His shipmates had achieved the feat of robbing him even of his trousers.

Twice he had found himself in complete négligée. After the first occasion, he had succeeded in begging sufficient garments to support his modesty in front of the bright, observant eyes of Mme. Guérin; now, however, it appeared that he would have to march all the way to St. Louis in shirt and drawers, in company with the Picard ladies—an ordeal likely to try the valour of the most philosophic.

He scratched his head and considered the position deeply.

"Dear me," he thought, "this is indeed a very delicate situation. How can a man remain dignified in his drawers?"

His eyes travelled eagerly and anxiously over his companions. It was useless, obviously, to attempt to recover his own trousers and shoes from their new owner, who stood grinning delightedly at the unfortunate engineer's predicament. But M. Brédif bethought him of his four hundred francs and of the activating principle of the human mind. He observed, presently, a large negro in possession of a superfluity of garments, and him he approached, with a fine nonchalance.

"My friend," he said, "I notice that you have there a pair of shoes which you cannot use. Even a clever man like you cannot contrive to wear two pairs of shoes at once. You have also a pair of trousers."

The negro readily admitted this.

M. Brédif made a wide gesture.

"But behold," he said, "no one, not even the most ingenious, could hope to sell a pair of trousers and a pair of shoes in the midst of this desert."

That proposition also appeared incontrovertible.

"Very well, my friend. I shall give you five francs for the trousers and the shoes."

The negro's eyes shone with pleasure.

He displayed the trousers. Very old, very worn, very dirty; but, undoubtedly, trousers. Garments capable of covering a man's drawers and his shame. He held up the shoes. The soles were broken, the uppers were cracked; but still shoes.

"Five francs," he said, and his eyes shone more brightly still. "Five francs—nice trousers."

M. Brédif produced his five francs, handed them over, and took the trousers. He held out his hand for the shoes.

"Nice shoes," murmured the merchant prince, ecstatically. "Very nice shoes. Five francs for nice shoes."

M. Brédif summoned the aid of philosophy and remembered that he was in Africa.

"One franc for the shoes," he said, firmly. The negro's face fell.

"Four francs for nice shoes."

"One franc."

"Three francs—I rob myself to give you them."

"You robbed someone else to give yourself them in the first place," M. Brédif retorted, urbanely. "Two francs."

"Two francs!"

A black hand reached out, engulfed the two francs, released, albeit with much reluctance, the pair of shoes. M. Brédif, delighted, beaming, retired discreetly to cover his drawers and his bare feet. Then he came back to join the caravan. Meanwhile M. Picard was afflicted with a lively apprehension.

The caravan had tried several times to rid itself of the encumbrance of his family of five females, which so delayed their march. But he had always succeeded in turning up at the next halting place with his charges intact. Espiaux did all he could to restrain the impatience of the men and he admired M. Picard's valiant determination not to be left behind.

No sooner would the men imagine that they had outdistanced the Picards for good, than they would see the indomitable family trailing along, patiently, to overtake them during their brief rests; and the four young ladies bore their trials with a stoicism truly remarkable.

M. Picard had the strongest reasons for wishing to remain in company with the caravan. He had had previous experience of the Trarzaz Moors. He did not fail to express his misgivings to Espiaux.

But Espiaux was in a quandary. The caravan had very little food, it would soon be on the verge of starvation, and help must be found immediately if it were to survive. Also, as plenty of others pointed out, it was much better to be robbed by the Moors and at the same time given sustenance, than to die of starvation in the desert, and a sigh of relief greeted the sight of a few wretched tents away in the distance. The caravan hastened towards them.

There were no men, only some enormous women, hideous and absurdly fattened by gorging on millet and butter—Islam likes its women comfortably padded. A girl, before her marriage, undergoes a long treatment to achieve this desired condition, and for a year after her wedding never stirs out of doors, to make herself more desirable in the eyes of her lord.

M. Picard managed to make himself understood, in the peculiar dialect they spoke, and explained what the caravan required. He was instructed to make promises—the suppliant's chief ammunition is a quiverful of promises. There would be money, linen, handkerchiefs, all sorts of fascinating things of whose value—and, also, largely of whose uses—the women had little notion. Enchanted by this sudden prospect of tremendous wealth, they hastened to fetch drinking water, goat's milk, millet.

Next, Picard bought two roebuck, which were immediately cooked and distributed in haste to the famished marchers. Without salt, without bread, the meat was rammed down hungry throats in the midst of a terrific babel.

M. Brédif was disgusted at this spectacle. What sort of example was this for white men to make?

"The sailors hardly leave anything for the officers," he wrote, "plunder whatever they can and then complain because they have got so little.

"If I had been an officer, there is no doubt that I would have killed one or two, as an example, or else have been killed myself."

Valiant M. Brédif! Holding up the trousers he had bought from the negro, since he had neither belt nor braces, and the waist was far too ample, he had managed, somehow, to keep up with the caravan. It is not easy to march, mile after mile, at a fast pace while holding up one's trousers.

As soon as they had gorged themselves, the marchers threw themselves down for a well-earned nap. But about four o'clock in the afternoon they were roused.

"To arms!"

The Moors had arrived. The party tried to snatch up whatever weapons were to hand; prepared to defend itself heroically. But there was no need. The Moors were peaceably inclined. And in any case there were no weapons. The Moors, no doubt wisely, had quietly collected all the firearms and sabres while their visitors slept.

"We have come," they announced, "to offer to guide you to St. Louis."

M. Picard did not disguise his relief. So the affair was settling itself; there was to be no more trouble, no more sufferings! Towards nightfall, the Moors led the caravan round behind the dunes, to a village

He had never seen such a fair skin, or such a beautifully moulded figure. It seemed he must be in the presence of some lovely spirit

of tents where the tribe was encamped.

Everyone was highly amused at the alarm of the Frenchmen. It was really comical. One huge negro in a blue uniform he had acquired one way or another, went up to some of the officers and presented them with a sword, the point of which he placed on his own breast. Then he roared with laughter exposing a magnificent set of teeth. Everybody else—except the officers—roared with laughter. It was all very funny indeed.

Camel's milk and dried fish were produced and sold to the caravan. M. Brédif purchased one fish—which had a most atrocious smell—for ten francs. He wrapped it up in the only handkerchief he still possessed and stuffed it out of sight, as a precaution, since, he declared, they might not again encounter so fine an inn *en route* !

The caravan settled down for the night, wonderfully comforted by the mere proximity of other human beings, however dubious their treatment might be.

Next morning they set about reorganising their column. Espiaux and Picard took steps. They managed to secure some asses to carry the women and children, and the more utterly exhausted of the men. The Moors showed themselves at least good-natured; they did whatever they could to ensure the comfort and safety of the caravan, and offered guides to conduct it to St. Louis.

With morning they got under way. At the midday halt, one of the Picard girls, worn out, went away by herself to a little distance to lie down. By this time her clothes were in rags and she was practically bare to the waist. The mosquitoes were a constant plague and, to protect herself, she covered her breasts and her face with a large shawl.

While everyone was soundly asleep, one of the Moorish guides noticed her and crept over to investigate. He examined her figure with some curiosity and not a little speculation and then, greatly taken with what he had seen, proceeded very gently to remove the shawl.

He was astonished. He had never seen such a fair skin, such a beautifully moulded figure, such enticing perfection. It seemed to him that he must be in the presence of some lovely spirit and he approached as close as he dared, but hesitated to touch. He would have liked to stroke that soft, velvet skin, but he lacked the courage. Finally, he replaced the shawl and crawled back among his companions, his eyes shining and his face quite transfigured with joy and wonder, while he told them of the marvels he had seen.

M. Picard, hearing about it, was furious. He was also dismayed. He knew the danger of the situation very well. A woman, after all, was just a woman. And a Moor was a Moor.

He went to Espiaux.

"Something," he declared, roundly, "must be done."

"Something," Espiaux replied, promptly, "shall be done."

So presently behold the entire female family of Picard seated upon their donkeys, jogging along towards St. Louis dressed in the uniform of the African Battalion ! Modesty was satisfied, virtue would emerge triumphant in the end.

However, it soon became evident that the intentions of their guides were altogether honourable. As the caravan dragged on wearily, close to the shore, there was a sudden shout from one of the Moors.

(*please turn over*)

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A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN writes : "Mr. Gordon Meggy supplies a personal interest which is simply amazing. He intends to 'get you there.' And, speaking for myself, he does it. Thanks to the training of the Premier School of Journalism, I am, at any rate, able to send my children to good schools and avoid many of the financial worries with which the minister's path is so often beset."

A SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE writes: "Although I had had no experience whatever of Journalism, I sold my first article after the second lesson, and by the end of the Course I was making a regular income of several pounds a week. Since then my connection has grown steadily. My children are assured of their education, and without giving up my household interests I have already reached a stage, less than a year since I started, where I can count upon my Journalism to swell the family exchequer to an extent at first undreamed of. To the Premier School I owe all this."

A CIVIL SERVANT writes: "My greatest regret is that Mr. Meggy's advice was not available twenty years ago, but, nevertheless, I have had the satisfaction of turning a hobby into a profitable undertaking, and, better still, I have realised that by having a second string to my bow the future can hold no fears of financial disasters as long as I am able to hold a pen."

A WOMAN LIVING ABROAD writes: "Before the end of the Course, I had begun to sell my stories, the first acceptance being by a well-known magazine, with a request to see more of my work. At the moment I have 110 published stories to my credit, and have appeared in twenty periodicals. Were I able to devote all my time to this fascinating and lucrative profession, I could double my output."

A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER writes: "A course with the Premier School has enabled me to use my nautical experience to good account. Writing almost entirely on sea subjects, I have sold 141 articles which have brought me in the good round sum of £249 18s. 5d. I may add that this result was achieved during a period when I founded and built up a business which gave me little leisure for writing."

A WOMAN DOCTOR writes: "From the first I was made to feel less like a pupil than a friend being 'nursed' to success with an individual care and sympathy beyond anything I have experienced in any branch of teaching. The significant thing is that during my first month of tuition I earned £3, which has increased since then until my spare-time profession has become a material source of income: in fact, before the end of the course I was making a steady £8 a week."

A RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE writes: "Although I was without any journalistic knowledge whatever when I started, since I commenced tuition under you eighteen months ago I have received from my literary work £472."

A LONDON BUSINESS WOMAN writes: "Since taking your class two years ago I have earned £650. I have to thank only you for showing me the knobbly bits to avoid on the road to Fleet Street and success."

A TITLED WOMAN writes: "As a direct result of the School's teaching, Editors who had previously rejected my work began to use it. I had repaid myself for my Course before it was half over, and while still under instruction I contributed with some regularity to several of the best newspapers, and had an article accepted by a leading magazine at a price that more than paid my tuition fees twice over."

A YOUNG SCIENTIST writes: "With my last lesson I sent in a Results Sheet of work done during the six months of the Course on which was recorded a total of £71 7s. 9d worth of matter definitely accepted, and some more that was as good as sold. In terms of hard cash, the Premier School has shown me, by the end of the twelfth lesson, how to make an hour or two of my spare time bring me in a weekly income of between £3 and £4, which income is definitely on the upward trend."

A MARRIED WOMAN writes: "Within two or three months of completing my training I had contributed to many of the leading women's magazines and periodicals, and editors were asking for more. My output now is only limited by the amount of time I can spend at my desk, and I am selling nearly all I write. Some weeks my receipts amount to six or eight pounds."

A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS EMPLOYED BY AN ENGINEERING FIRM writes : "When first I went to Mr. Meggy my income was small, my hours of work long. I am now free-lancing on my own from a London office. It is a poor week when I don't make at least £12 net profit."

NOTICE **The original letters containing statements of results secured by pupils which are published in any of the School's literature or advertisements will be produced for the inspection of inquirers who call at the School at any reasonable time.**

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He shrilled the alarm. The caravan halted.

In the distance he had sighted another nomad tribe—one that he recognised as poor and vicious and greedy.

"They may attack us," he reported. "They are poor people. Perhaps they will attempt to pillage the caravan. We must prepare to defend ourselves. And with such animals, the best defence is to attack. Let us do all we can to look formidable. They will not attack unless they are sure that we are weak and will make an easy prey."

This was excellent advice.. The castaways formed into line, brandishing what weapons they had managed to recover from their hosts of the previous night, and emitting the most warlike howls and yells. The guides advanced in a body to parley with the newcomers, who came surging, as it seemed, out of the ground, from all points of the compass, in tremendous numbers.

No need for alarm. The poor tribe had no warlike intentions. They had come to trade. They wanted to sell provisions to the Frenchmen.

Just at that moment there came, from the open sea, a sound like a muffled thunderclap, and all eyes turned towards it. A joyous shout arose.

There, standing in towards the shore, was a brig, a small, white cloud hanging in the rigging above the bow-chaser gun. It was the *Argus*.

The soldiers who had been landed from the sloop still marched. A ragged, haggard, straggling column, with burning eyes in sunken faces and, sagging with exhaustion, with misery, with hunger and thirst and fever, they trailed wearily, mile after mile, and at night they lay down and gave themselves up to the sleep of utter exhaustion, to nightmares and hallucinations.

Now, nearly half the men were unable to rise. D'Anglas and Petit urged them on. They ordered, they beseeched, they threatened. The men could not move.

"For the love of God!" one of them cried, anguished, "shoot me! Put me out of my misery!"

"Yes—shoot us! For God's sake!"

D'Anglas was shaken. These were not the weaklings of the battalion, but big men, powerfully built, excellent soldiers on the parade-ground; it was the slighter, those of poorer physique but of greater spirit, of a tougher moral fibre, who were still able to force their aching limbs to move, who could still stand, still march.

What was he to do? Halt here indefinitely, while they all perished? Abandon these men? He waited, refusing to give up hope; and as the sun rose, and spread a slow warmth over the land on this tenth of July, the fourth day of their martyrdom, the men stirred. The warmth put new life into them, they got upon their feet. Drunk with fatigue, with starvation, they fell into line, they began to march. Only a few remained behind—men who would never move now, who had succumbed, overnight, to their ordeal.

By nightfall, fever. Here and there a man made the experiment of cutting his fingertips and sucking the blood; others imitated them. The fever developed into a delirium. Again, several men were left behind, mute witnesses of the tragedy of the *Medusa*.

Among these were Corporal Guérin and his wife, Clotilde. Guérin was an old soldier of the Emperor, who had served in many campaigns, and had been followed faithfully through the vicissitudes of an active life by the indomitable Clotilde.

Now, Clotilde was incapable of enduring further. She had reached the extreme limit of her resources and, as she sank in the sand and the column marched on, leaving her and her husband there alone, she roused herself only to beg of him one last service.

Guérin protested; he pleaded, urged, cajoled; but Clotilde's strength was gone.

"Kill me—kill me!" she begged.

To save her from dying slowly of thirst, from being eaten alive by wild beasts, from falling into the hands of those still more savage beasts, the Moors, what else could he do? But he was not yet ready to destroy the most precious thing in his hard and barren life.

Kneeling down, he lifted Clotilde and dragged her on to his back; then he set off in the tracks of the caravan, now vanishing from sight in the short twilight. He staggered on, numb with misery, borne down by his burden yet always able to thrust out one foot after the other. . .

Suddenly he felt her move, felt her body sag. He halted, lowering her gently to the sand. Clotilde was dead.

For a long time he knelt beside her, given over to his grief; muttering prayers for the beloved soul, while night fell.

Presently he began to dig a grave; but he had only commenced when a sudden sound caused him to stiffen and a tremor of violent fear ran through him. It was the low, menacing snarl of some wild beast.

It came again, close at hand. His terror mounted. He felt that at any moment that unseen enemy would hurl itself upon him, bear him down. He bounded to his feet and dashed down to the sea, wading frantically out into deep water. Something came at him out of the dark—an empty barrel, part of the wreckage of the frigate. It knocked him off his feet, but he managed to seize it and clung. A breaker engulfed him and he found himself floating away out to sea on the back wash, along with his barrel.

All night long he struggled to regain the land, and it was only with dawn that he managed to stagger back up the sand. A terrible sight met him.

Clotilde had disappeared. All that remained was a mess of blood and rags on the churned-up sand, and her head, from which the body had been entirely eaten.

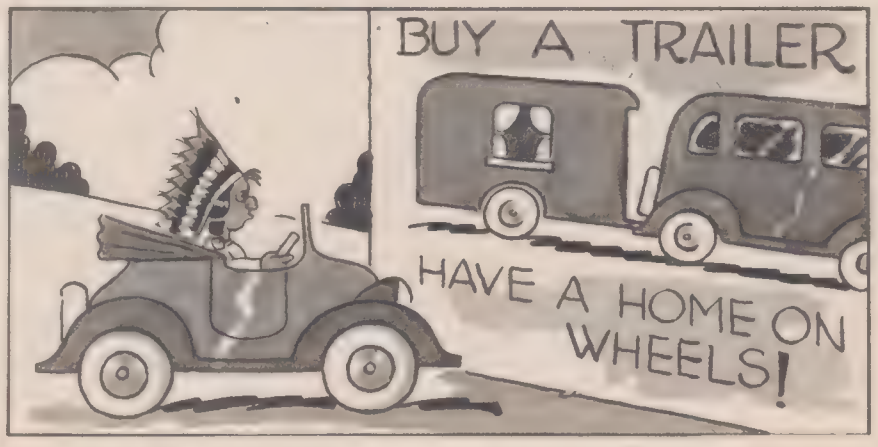
Guérin, almost insane, now, with his sufferings, his struggles and his grief, fell on his knees and took an oath.

He had beaten the sea, after fighting all night; he would beat the desert; with Clotilde's poor remains he would reach St. Louis and give her decent interment. He tore off his shirt, wrapped the already drying head in it and, with his gruesome bundle under his arm, set off, grimly, southwards.

He fell in, eventually, with some Moors. He called upon them, in Arabic, in the name of the Prophet, to have pity on a shipwrecked sufferer and accord him hospitality and succour. At first, he was well received; but the head came to light and even the Trarzaz were horrified by this terrible spectacle. He was conducted to the tent of their chieftain, Mohammed Abdallah.

Guerin submitted to a lengthy inquisition. He won Abdallah's respect by speaking about Napoleon, whom he had served for so long and of whom the Moor had naturally heard many wonderful tales. Finally, the *amghar* was satisfied, believed his pitiful story and gave him back the precious head.

Guérin remained for a little while,



regaining his strength, then set off once more towards St. Louis. . . .

Meanwhile, the military column continued on its way and, presently, the desert gave place to the plains, the country of the Trarzaz which, three days previously the people from the boats had reached. The adjutant Petit, marching with the advance guard, suddenly discovered himself, without warning, walking into a group of tents.

He faced about and went, at a staggering run, to warn the column. But his soldiers did not share his fears. They hurried up to the Moors, gesticulating, holding out imploring hands.

The column came up. The Moors received them with suspicion and with an ill-concealed delight. For a cup of water and some millet, a shirt, a handkerchief, a scarf, firearms, anything one had to give! The market opened immediately. The market boomed. Water and millet soared in price. The Moors did a roaring trade. Soon the African Battalion looked like a collection of starving scarecrows stripped and plundered by some not over-particular tramp.

The Moors, herding them like slaves, took them to a puddle covered with moss, where they could drink. While they attempted to satisfy their thirst—many of them turning sick from the brackish water—the women divided the spoils with screams of delight and the tribesmen danced and capered.

Presently, the chief appeared. He summoned d'Anglas and bade him sit down beside him, a little apart. He was a small, compact man, with large, bright eyes and a thin-lipped mouth and long beard—a venerable figure.

"What country do you belong to?" he demanded.

"France," d'Anglas replied, surprised to find himself addressed in bastard English.

"Where do you come from?"

"From my own country."

"How did you get here?"

"We were thrown up by a storm on the coast."

This was what mattered. Now one was approaching the interesting point. A ship, eh? Very well.

"Where is this vessel?"

"Only a day's march from here."

Better and better!

"And what does she carry?"

"Bolts of cloth, firearms, gunpowder, tobacco, money."

The chief nodded, hiding his delight. He sat for a long time, in deep thought. Then he announced his decision.

"If you will guide me to the ship and give me her cargo, I will be responsible for taking your caravan to St. Louis," he offered.

D'Anglas realised that this was no moment for scruples.

"Very well," he said, and the bargain was struck. The chief ordered a goatskin of water to be brought, and some dried fish full of maggots, and distributed to all the castaways; then, towards evening, he gave the order for the march.

At eleven o'clock they came in sight of some huts built on the sand—the village of the tribe. Here the troubles of the soldiers seemed only to have begun. Anything that had gone before was mild by comparison. Whatever last possessions they had clung to, they lost now and they were allowed barely two hours of troubled sleep. Had they but known it, too, they were within an ace of being saved; but for this detour to the village, they would assuredly have been sighted by the brig.

The morning after his departure from St. Louis, de Parnajon in the *Argus* made contact with the first party of castaways. He had run the length of Barbary Point and passed the Marigot des Maringouins, a channel by which a part of the Senegal River debouches directly into the sea, about fifty miles above the mouth proper. He had proceeded northwards along the shore for some distance, when he suddenly detected a great concourse of people among the dunes—all in a state of extreme agitation, rushing this way and that.

He trained his telescope on them, and picked out some Europeans and Arabs among the swarm of Moors. Here and there he recognised a uniform. Considerably perturbed, for it seemed as if the castaways were about to be wiped out before his eyes, he ordered a gun to be fired and told the quartermaster to proceed as close inshore as possible and prepare to anchor.

To his infinite relief, no battle ensued. The throng on the dunes turned at the sound of the gunshot and waved arms and scarves and rags of clothing in greeting.

De Parnajon surveyed the coast, the line of surf. How was he to communicate with these people? He hesitated a little before finally ordering a boat out—the *Pilot*, a small, easily handled craft that might survive the ordeal of the surf.

The *Pilot* dropped away and rowed as close to the surf-line as she dared; then they saw, with relief, two natives wading into the water. They struck out towards the boat and one of them succeeded, after a terrific struggled, in forcing his way through the breakers—a magnificent feat of strength and endurance and skill. The other gave up and waded back on shore.

The native was hauled, exhausted, into the boat, and taken out to the brig. He handed over a letter he had brought for de Parnajon, informing him of the composition of the party, of their condition, their sufferings and their present intentions.

De Parnajon wrote an immediate reply, telling Espiaux of the safe arrival of de Chaumareys and Schmaltz at St. Louis—a piece of news not likely to be received with tears of joy and relief—and also explaining the measures that had been taken. In addition, he wrote a preliminary report for the governor, in which he made a point of emphasising the courage and endurance of the man who had swum out through the surf.

"The Moor who will send you this letter," he declared, "came on board the smallboat which I had sent to speak with a group of people I had seen on land, and informed us that he was guiding, along with four others, eighty to ninety French castaways. A letter which he also bore assured us that these were of the complement of the *Medusa*. I hastened to send them all the assistance necessary and enjoined them to continue their route.

"It appears that the Moors have treated them very well indeed, and the man who bears this letter ran the gravest risks in order to reach the ship, the sea being very heavy and one of his comrades having had to abandon the attempt. I consider that his devotion, in thus bringing us certain news, deserves to be rewarded."

De Parnajon also dropped over three barrels, a large one with biscuit and cheese, and two smaller with wine and spirits, which were towed towards the surf. A

(*please turn over*)

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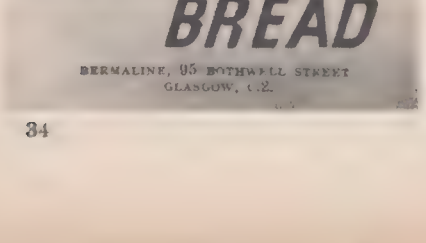
Address.....

Knight Barbara looked enchanting at Ascot. I particularly noticed her hands. She seems to keep them very beautiful — in spite of all her tennis, gardening and what not. She began to tell me about how she'd been to Boots or Timothy Whites or somewhere — and I laughed because I'd spotted it. Glorbes of course! She and masses of other people are using Glorbes now. At five bob, they're marvellous. Seems incredible that Glorbes, which look like ordinary night-gloves, can work such wonders while you sleep.

Many happy returns, Virginia, and love from Camilla

PICNIC Sandwiches..

That they REALLY LIKE!



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Bermaline Bread is indeed brown bread at its best. It gives more food value, creating energy at a time when light meals tend to be lacking in the necesary body-building elements, and it adds a new taste-thrill to outdoor meals. Serve Bermaline Bread frequently. Your family will thank you for it.

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Here are new ideas for sandwich fillings, which make Bermaline Sandwiches even more enjoyable. SARDINES OR SHRIMPS mashed to a paste with butter or mayonnaise and spread on the bread. BACON and WATERCRESS. Wash a bunch of watercress and cut off stems. Dry in cloth and chop finely. Chop 2 rashers of crisply fried bacon finely. Mix watercress and bacon, with a little mayonnaise to hold them together. SWEET CINNAMON SPREAD. Half cup of butter, ½ cup icing sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons vanilla. Mix all together into a paste, and spread on Bermaline.

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number of Moors and negroes then swam out and retrieved them, at considerable risk.

The caravan fell upon the provisions and the feast began. Some of the natives helped themselves, stealing all they could, so they might sell it back to the French afterwards, but nobody paid any attention. They were all much too engaged in eating and, in any case, had not the strength left to interfere.

Towards evening, as they reached the Marigot des Maringouins, they fell in, true to de Parnajon's promise, with Karnet, the Irish planter, who promptly set to work doling out clothes and food and drink and, most urgently needed of all, money.

M. Brédif was particularly delighted with his new clothes, which there was no longer any danger of losing. He had somehow, throughout all his adventures, succeeded in retaining his watch, his portfolio and, still more precious, a notebook in which he recorded his experiences.

The good-hearted Irishman spared no pains to do everything possible for the castaways, sympathising deeply with their misfortunes and their sufferings. He knew well enough what that march had been like. He knew the country; he had had experience of it himself.

"Are we far from St. Louis?" they wanted to know.

"Why, three days' march," he replied, encouragingly, and was distressed at the reception of this news.

Three days! Three mortal days! It was heart-breaking. Even with the immense reassurance they had got, first from contact with the brig and then from this welcome encounter with the search party, they could not face three more days of the desert. Disheartened, they turned away from their saviour and went and sat down, telling each other that it was hopeless, they would never reach safety, they were doomed to die on the sand. Karnet rallied their spirits.

"Now that we're all ready," he cried, "you'd better have a good long rest, and then we can make a start."

They required no second bidding. The whole caravan lay down and went to sleep, Karnet's marabouts remaining on guard against the wild beasts that could be heard all around them; panthers, wild cats, hyenas, jackals.

The merchant captain allowed them to sleep until one o'clock in the morning, when he roused them out and got them, with difficulty, under way. He went on ahead, on his camel, to search among the villages for meat—an essential, if the famished people were to reach the river.

Again and again he failed. The morning wore on, hunger became more clamant and weakness came with it. The caravan straggled to a halt, at last, unable to proceed. There was nothing for it but to sit down and wait, praying that the Irishman would return soon with what he sought.

By this time they had left the Sahara and had entered the region of the delta, where there were groves of trees in which gaily plumaged birds chattered. But the heat remained terrific—149 degrees Fahr. at midday.

They lay there, suffering terribly, for four hours before Karnet reappeared. He announced that he had secured what they wanted. The caravan received his good tidings with a resurgence of energy, and without delay, got up on tottering feet and started off towards the feast.

They tramped until nightfall. Then at last they found the beast Karnet had procured—small, but fat enough. They camped round a deserted water-hole, recently dried up, and here a negro took hold of the animal and wrung its neck as easily, so it seemed, as one wrings a fowl's. A circle of fires was lit, as a precaution against the prowling beasts and, in almost no time dinner was served—the animal carved up and steaks from it grilled over the fires, on the points of swords and sabres: grilled by no means well, swallowed avidly underdone and dripping blood, without salt, without seasoning; hunger is a fine sauce, and a starving man has no time to bother with the niceties of dining and decorum.

Sleep then—blessed sleep, with relief from the terrific, enervating heat of the day; and, as before, at one o'clock in the morning they rose to continue their march. Their guides pointed to the delta. Their route lay across that. But the caravan rebelled. Picard and others had now recognised their position. They were at the northern extremity of Barbary Point. They announced their intention of following it. In that way, it was impossible to get lost. One had only to continue marching along the Point and one would arrive, inevitably, opposite St. Louis.

The guides protested.

They knew the route, it was perfectly simple, and it would save more than six miles—six long, arduous, fatiguing miles.

No. The caravan had ceased to trust its guides, now that Karnet had gone on. They might lose the way; they might wander among the sands of the delta for days. Besides, now that they knew where they were, they felt independent of the guides.

The Moors shrugged their shoulders. Very well! Six more miles meant nothing to them; after all, this was their country, they were used to it. Let the *Roumis* tramp, if they wanted to!

De Parnajon continued his course northwards for some time. He had been instructed to proceed to the wreck and recover the ninety thousand francs and the governor's provisions; incidentally, if he came upon any of the castaways, it was assumed that he would give them what assistance he could. Oh, naturally! But it was clearly understood that he had been sent out to recover what he could from the *Medusa*.

That should be his first concern.

He had no particular fancy for the job.

True, the *Argus* was a much smaller ship than the frigate, she drew less water, she might be able to navigate where the *Medusa* had gone aground; but de Parnajon had no reliable charts of the Bank, he had a lively respect for this coast and he had had experience already of the surf.

He had watched those native fellows trying to swim through it; he did not have to be told that in the event of shipwreck one would be very lucky to make the shore; and one might be wrecked at any moment, on some uncharted reef or sandspit.

However, he could not quarrel with duty.

As he crept along close inshore, he noticed a small group of native tents on the sand. He trained his telescope upon it, and was able to detect some men whom he took to be white.

He brought the brig up into the wind and ordered a boat out, in charge of one of his midshipmen.

"Careful, now," he warned. "Look out for the surf."

The youngster nodded. He had heard a lot about the surf; but luckily it was not so bad here, since they were still some distance south of the Bank, and the boat reached the shore safely.

It returned with two white men and four Moors. The white men were naked, and in a condition bordering on madness. De Parnajon ordered them to be taken below and looked after and, himself, attended to the Moors.

He realised fully what a ticklish position this was. Somewhere in the desert or on the plains were the last remnants of the African Battalion, and the only hope for them was to make as favourable an impression as possible. He presented the Moors with a generous supply of powder, and also gave them an official receipt for the two Frenchmen whom they had brought out.

Presently, he was able to get something out of these unfortunates. They were part of the detachment put ashore by M. Espiaux five days before. They had broken away from the party, believing that they would get better treatment from the natives if they were alone. For five days they had wandered, achieving, in that time, the fifty or sixty miles that separated them now from their starting point, and they were almost crazed with hunger and thirst and with exposure to the sun. The natives had commandeered their clothes, their weapons, everything they possessed, and had not given them food or drink. . . .

De Parnajon put the Moors ashore and got under way again, arriving at Portendick at 1.30 p.m. two days later.

Meanwhile, Karnet had gone on to St. Louis, to arrange for transportation to the island. He had instructed Espiaux to expect boats at the point where the river flows out upon the dunes and, accordingly, the caravan dragged itself desperately through the early hours of the morning to where it hoped the boats would be.

At eight o'clock a cry went up—a cry of utter relief, of weariness, of joy and of wonder, as they stared at the vast river that spread away before their eyes. There, in the hazy distance, lay St. Louis.

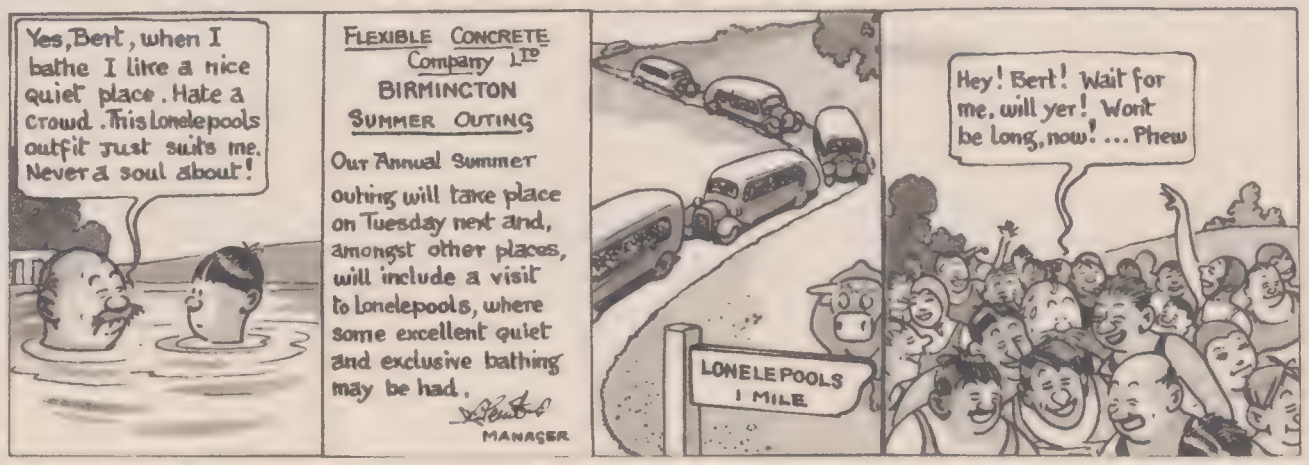
At two o'clock in the afternoon, a boat appeared and came towards them. A man called out for M. Picard and brought ashore clothes and provisions for him and his family, sent by a friend in St. Louis.

He also announced that the British were sending two other boats, with provisions, which would arrive almost immediately.

They came within two hours, and the bedraggled and desert-worn caravan greeted them with heart-felt cheers. There was bread, biscuit, a generous quantity of excellent Madeira; the sailors got drunk, promptly; everybody else became gay and when, at sunset, they approached St. Louis, and at last stood on firm ground, surrounded by every evidence of civilisation, safe at last, they had forgotten all their adventures, they had forgotten the frigate, the soldiers, the castaways on the raft, the poor devils who were still on board the wreck; they had forgotten everything, except the one magic and thrilling fact: they were safe.

NEXT WEEK
Searching for the Raft

OLD BILL AND BERT — By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



WHY DOCTORS RECOMMEND PELMANISM

Because it Restores Vitality to the Tired Brain and Banishes Thought-Wandering, Depression, Morbid States of Mind, and the Inferiority Complex

●

AMONGST the thousands of students of Pelmanism many have taken up the Course on the direct recommendation of their Doctors.

"The Course has been of great assistance to me," writes an Insurance Agent, "and I am certain that the benefits will be lasting. I wish to express my appreciation of the assistance rendered by the Staff of the Institute and wish to thank them for their kindness and advice to me. My Doctor advised me to take the Pelman Course and I shall always appreciate the advice given by him. I shall certainly recommend the Course to my friends."

People With Tired Minds

Many of the students who enrol on medical advice are men and women with tired minds.

Life is surging around them, vivid, exciting, full of opportunities for the energetic and ambitious, but they shrink from the conflict, stand aside from the stream of activity, and the opportunities pass them by.

Many of them suffer from Depression, Boredom, and Morbid States of Mind. They feel apathetic. They lack mental energy. They find it difficult to concentrate. Their thoughts wander from one thing to another. They cannot settle down to anything. They are troubled by a sense of inferiority.

Sometimes they are haunted by fears and Phobias which have no root in Reason, but are the unhealthy symptoms of a mind that has temporarily lost its natural tone and temper.

Sometimes these troubles arise from over-work and over-strain, from business difficulties and set-backs, from domestic worries and personal frictions and maladjustments, from the thwarting of ambitions, from a number of minor disappointments which in their sum total have brought about a morbid psychological state.

The increasing strain of modern life is responsible for many of these conditions, and to those who suffer in this way, as a well-known Doctor writes, "the Pelman Course is a positive revelation, and by its use should enable them to live a useful and possibly brilliant life, in contrast to the hopeless misery to which so many of them are otherwise condemned." He continues :

"I have prescribed the Pelman Course to a large number of sufferers from nervous disorders, and also to many individuals of an apparently normal make-up, and in no case have I failed to find a re-adjustment, which has been very greatly to their advantage."

Further letters from medical men as well as from others will be found in **"The Science of Success,"** a book published by the Pelman Institute which can be obtained free of cost by every reader who uses the application form printed on this page.

Letters from Students

The best way of illustrating the grand work that Pelmanism is doing for men and women with tired minds is to print a few letters from readers who have taken the Course and write to say exactly what it has done for them. Here are a few cases of this kind :

A Clerk writes : "I have been able to get a definite aim and have abolished drifting. I feel happier and better in myself. I have been able to get rid of morbid thoughts. I can concentrate much better. I am losing my horrible self-consciousness." (H.35511)

A Salesman reports : "Results gained—a healthier state of mind and body, more self-confidence, a better memory, a feeling of ability and keenness in business, a desire always to employ my spare time to some use and a systematic style of working." (M.37327)

A Chartered Secretary writes : "I am forming good habits and choking bad habits. I have more self-control and self-reliance. I enjoy life more. I feel better physically and mentally. I am easier to live with. I do not brood." (F.36063)

A District Nurse writes : "Fits of Depression are far less frequent and these are soon overcome. Certainly much happier. My superintendent remarked that I was not nearly so nervous as I was when she saw me 12 months ago. The Doctor in a casual conversation one day told me that my heart was much stronger than it was." (W.36584)

"IF . . ."

Suggested by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's famous poem

Contributed by a Pelman Student

IF you can lose your head till none about you
Can count on you to see them safely through;
If they can show that they can do without you,
And take good care you recognise it too;

If you have dreamed till dreams are now your master,
If you have always played a losing game,
If each small failure seems to you disaster,
And if success is nothing but a name;

If everything you learn is soon forgotten,
If half you learned you never understood,
If mind and memory alike are rotten,
And life itself has brought you nothing good;

If you lack hope, ideas, and intuition
And energy and grit to get things done,
One thing alone can save you from perdition,
And that is . . . Be a Pelmanist, my son !

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem "If" will be found in "Rewards and Fairies," published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Letters from Doctors

"It is impossible for me to express adequately my appreciation of the Course, and my sense of the enormous benefit I have derived."—**M.D.**

"A great many people have taken the Course on my recommendation and all have been thoroughly pleased with it."—**M.D. (Lond.).**

"I am extremely pleased with the Course and its results in better memory, self-confidence, and will-power. I consider the Course an excellent training for any medical man . . . and it helps to develop personal magnetism—a most important possession for a successful practitioner."—**L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. (Edin.).**

"I must say I am finding the Course intensely interesting and of great practical value. My only regret is that I did not take it years ago."—**M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.**

"Only to-day I examined a patient with your precepts in mind and discovered an astonishing amount of detail which I had previously missed." —**M.D.**

"I have recently passed the first Examination for the Cambridge D.P.H. . . . my work was greatly facilitated by my Pelman training."—**M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.**

Puts an end to Drift

It is a fatal thing to drift. Not only does it lead to failure in a monetary sense, but it causes you to lose your Self-Respect and fills your life with Boredom. Pelmanism stops the drifting habit and enables you to give impulse and direction to your mind. It develops Concentration. Judgment, Initiative, Mental Poise and Balance It enables you to think coolly, collectively, and creatively. It makes your mind vital; it puts fire into your brain. Once you have trained your mind by means of Pelmanism everything else follows.

Your Personality is developed, your character strengthened, your will-power increased. The faults and failings and weaknesses that formerly troubled you and held you back—loss of memory, diffidence, depression, feelings of inferiority, timidity, neurotic and morbid states—fall away from you and disappear.

You are confident and efficient in everything you do, your earning power is increased, the gulf between what you want to do and what you actually do closes up, you achieve a harmony between yourself and your surroundings and you begin to lead a happy, purposeful, and prosperous life.

Free Offer to Readers

All these things you can prove for yourself. A full description of the Pelman Course of Scientific Mind Training is printed in a book entitled **"The Science of Success."** This is a book which everyone who wants to get on in life should read. It is not designed merely for those who feel mentally stale and tired and perplexed, although it is for them as well.

It is for everyone who has a job to do, a career to follow, or a life to live—but who has not yet scientifically trained his mind.

Get it and read it. It will tell you all about Pelmanism and what famous authorities think of the system. It will show you also how you can enrol right away for the Course on specially convenient terms. To get a free copy of this book all you have to do is to cut out the following form and post it to-day to :—

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It's Virginia Hall's B

THIS is where we celebrate. For a year ago, to-day, this page appeared for the first time. Remember the confusion from which it sprang? After a long battle with the editor, I eventually persuaded him to let us at least try a woman's page.

In that first article I wrote:

"Now, I want you to come to my side and let me know that you like our page, so that I can have that divine pleasure of going to a man, a strong, silent man, and saying, 'I told you so!'"

And now I want to thank you all for standing by me so staunchly. Our page is a success! During this year, more than 18,000 women have written to me for advice and I feel that for every woman who has taken up her pen there must be many more who have found this page useful. And I am saying nothing of the many men who send their problems to me!

So now you may think that I can go to the editor and jeer. But, oh, no. He's too wise for that. He's gone on holiday! And when he comes back, I know already that he'll get his word in first and say to me, "Well, Virginia, so you were right about the women readers of the PASSING SHOW." And that'll leave me quite dumb.

★ Still, I am truly grateful for your support. And to show my gratitude, I've had a busy few weeks arranging all sorts of "almost-presents" for you. And I have managed to get all sorts of special offers for PASSING SHOW readers.

For instance, one firm, a well-known fur store, has promised that all readers of the PASSING SHOW who apply before July 15 shall receive one of their superb, ten-guinea, silver-fox furs for eight guineas.

And to add to the value of this astonishing gift, they are letting you have the furs on their usual deferred terms, if you wish, making it possible for you to own a lovely silver fox after the first of ten monthly payments of 16s. 9d. And they're really beautiful furs, too.

I almost feel inclined to take advantage of the offer, myself! Anyway, a birthday offer like this doesn't happen often in a lifetime. So take advantage of it while you can.

★ For those interested in bath powder (and from your thousands of letters you are legion,) my birthday offer to you is a *huge* jar of the loveliest bath powder for 5s., post free. This is the usual 6s. 6d. size and, as well as giving us a reduction of 1s. 6d., the makers are throwing in a few sample bath powder flowers.

These flowers are made of solidified bath powder which, when thrown into the bath, reacts in exactly the same way as the powder in the jar. But it is an attractive idea, isn't it?

This offer is good, for the powder is delightful. It softens water and makes it foamy, delicately perfumed and a lovely colour.

The very names of these colours are glamorous; lagoon blue, neptune green, rose dawn, orchid mauve, snow white, tangerine and ceres yellow. So remember 6s. 6d. worth for 5s.—it's good value, and please mark your envelopes "Birthday Bath Powder." (Sounds terribly like annual ablutions.)

Birthday

★ A few months ago, I told you about the introduction of a patent hair curler, by means of which it was easy to curl up those unruly ends of hair and keep them in place by special hair grips. This curler, which originated in the States, has been a real riot in England; and deservedly so, too, for it is good.

The actual curler is only the size of a short pencil. Into one end you put a hair grip (two packets of these go with the curler), and then you take the piece of hair which you want curled, clasp it into the curler, a turn of your fingers, a gentle pull and there is your curl fixed with the grip, which, by the way, does not show, and your curler is ready for the next curl.

Makers of this curler, priced at 5s., have offered to PASSING SHOW readers, as a birthday gift, one extra box of grips, value 1s., free. If you have not already got one of the patent curlers, now is the time to buy one, for you will get it with this extra gift of refills.

So write to me (this time marking your letters "Birthday Curler" and enclosing a 5s. postal order), and I will see that you get the curler, together with this birthday gift, sent to you post free.

★ Peach-like complexions for three penny postage stamps. That's my next offer to you.

There is a face pack to be used at home, which will indeed put a new complexion on things. It will give you a new outlook on life, for it will help to do away with all those unsightly skin blemishes about which some of you may be worrying.

This pack is very easy to use and is most refreshing. And you can try it for only the price of the postage, for the makers are presenting our readers with their trial jar, usually priced at 6d., quite free. They are also allowing you to buy their usual 1s. 6d. size for 6d., plus 3d. to cover postage.

So, if you want to take advantage of *this* offer, all you have to do is write to me, marking your envelopes "Birthday Home Pack" and enclosing either 3d. or 9d., stating which size of pack you require.

★ Now for your crowning glory—or what can so easily be your crowning glory! For sixpence, you can have a packet of truly wonderful shampoo, containing enough powder for two treatments.

This safe shampoo is a special "brightener" for blondes or brunettes, the only difference in use being that if you are fair-haired you should rinse the hair immediately you have lathered it.

If you are a brunette, allow the foamy lather to remain on for three or four minutes before rinsing in plenty of clear water. If you have any shine in your hair (and we all have—it has only to be encouraged,) this shampoo will make the best of it.

The makers are giving away with this offer, to readers of the PASSING SHOW who send 6d. for this special hair wash, some novelty lipstick matches. They look just like book matches, but each "match" is really a marvellous, indelible lipstick.

You moisten the lips and apply the red "match" top to them. An amusing and practical novelty for your handbag!

You will be interested in this offer, so send along

(*please turn over*)

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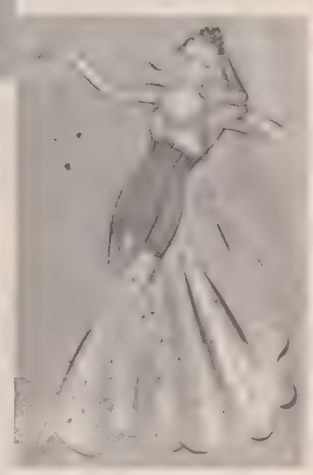

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On how many occasions can you wear the same hair net? Dozens of times, if it's a "Crisco" PERFECTION Hair Net! It's not only the strongest and longest-lasting Hair Net made, but also the *least visible*, and the *best fitting*. There's no need to pin a "Crisco" PERFECTION to make it fit—it's shaped to the head, fitting closely without flattening your waves, and keeping "loose ends" in place without giving your hair that "set" look. In two sizes, from Stores, Hairdressers, or Drapers, price 1/- per Wallet of 3 Nets, or 4½d. each (grey and white 9d.).

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Caplin

CURLS *without* CURLERS

Birthday Greetings to **Virginia Hall**

Make Your Own Curls

What fun it is, using this clever Pro-Curler! And **4 A MINUTE!** what a thrill you'll get out of your skill in putting in curls for yourself just when, where and how you want them! No heat, no steam, no risk . . . and only one curler to use. Light, almost invisible curl grips keep hair in position while it takes up the wave. A few days' use of the Pro-Curler makes you a real expert. Suits all types of hair, all styles of hairdressing with curls, ringlets, rolls or waves. Think how much you will save, how much longer your perms will last, and how much happier and more confident you will always be about your appearance, when you have your Pro-Curler handy. Be sure to get one to-day.

Pro-Curler

Obtainable from all leading stores, chemists and hairdressers.

5/- COMPLETE WITH 48 CURL GRIPS

6d. in stamps and mark your envelope "Birthday Shampoo."

★ Remember the transparent mackintoshes I told you about, saying that they could be packed up and put away in your handbag and that they were attractive and inexpensive.

In fact I told you how much I liked the one I had. And hundreds of readers must now also be as pleased as I am, judging by the numbers who have written to me.

Now the makers have had designed specially for our birthday, the most attractive little Tyrolean apron. It's made of the same transparent material in white, bordered with bright stripes of blue, yellow and red.

It's really very sweet and just the thing to slip over your afternoon frock without hiding it, when you serve tea or do that odd spot of washing up. And it costs only 2s. 6d.

Write to me, sending me 2s. 6d., and marking your envelopes "Apron." Remember, this apron model is for my birthday present, so I hope you will all write. Also there is a make-up bib costing a shilling which I recommend.

The apron that protects without hiding the dress, and two other items of this birthday feature

★ I get so many requests for advice on "figure control" that I seem to have written innumerable pieces about corsets, during the last few months. But I must remind you how much I recommend a make of belt which doesn't ride up when worn without suspenders and does wash easily. There are two specially good models.

One is made specially for sports wear. It is called the Chiberta and is light and cool and gives control without impeding any movement. It costs 15s. 11d.

I wear the other model myself. Boneless, but definitely "bulge-controlling" it is priced at 35s. You may think these prices rather high, but a belt that is comfortable is well worth the extra shillings.

If you would like to buy either of these belts let me know your waist and hip measurements and I will have them sent along to you by return, on receipt of your letter, marked "Control" and enclosing a postal order or cheque crossed " & Co."

★ Already I have mentioned a home permanent waving process, by means of which you can "perm" your own hair in three or four hours. The apparatus costs 7s. 6d. complete, but as a special offer to readers who buy one of these sets, the makers are including a free hair-net.

Anyone sending along her 7s. 6d. (marking the envelope "Home Perm,") should please tell me the shade and size of hair-net that is needed, I will see that it is sent to you with your home "perming" outfit.

★ Now for a complete beautification! Usually this costs 2s. 6d., but to us it is offered at 1s. 8d. plus 4d. for the packing and postage. This beautifying outfit consists of a special clasmic pack, cold cream, vanishing cream and face powder.

These things used together do five definite things for the face. They clear the complexion and give it colour; remove blackheads and pimples and lift out the lines.

They build up drooping facial tissues and give renewed vitality to the nerve centres; give the skin a youthful texture and velvety smoothness. And lastly they close enlarged pores and remove excess oiliness of the skin.

And all for 2s.! If you take advantage of this offer, "Beautifier" is the word to write on the envelopes containing your 2s.

That's the last of the birthday offers. But may I remind you that when you are sending money to me, will you please be quite certain to cross your postal orders or cheques " & Co."

And lastly, on looking through all these grand offers, I think anyone who wants my job for the next few weeks, can have it, for it looks as if the office simply *must* be completely flooded with Virginia Hall letters, marked this and that.

Actually the more letters I get from you, the better I like it. So away to your fountain pens!

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in these pages, please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help in such matters

Gay Transparent Protection for Pretty Clothes

Now you can wear your daintiest frocks and give them complete protection without hiding them or losing any of their charm when you are busy with your tasks at home or giving the finishing touches to your make-up before you go out for the evening. Pliofilm* fabric is the secret, for these chic little aprons and bibs are strong and waterproof although they are as clear and transparent as glass and almost gossamer-light in wear. This type of protection is quite new, entirely satisfactory in use, will not crack, stick together or easily wear out, and, as you will see, is absurdly inexpensive when you think of the value of the garment it safeguards. Try these at your local store or write for details and name of your nearest stockist to the address below.

Birthday Greetings to Virginia Hall

TYROLEAN APRON A very smart touch is given to this handy little Pliofilm* apron by alternating bands of contrasting colours, making it specially bright and cheerful. Wear it when you are serving tea in the garden. Gathered at the waist, has wide bow ties, and all edges bound with Pliofilm* fabric tape. **2/6**

BEAUTY BIB Tying a single bow will fasten this snugly over your shoulders and completely protect your gown from powder and lotions. There is no weight in it to crush your dainty draperies, and it is easily cleaned when necessary by a wipe with a damp cloth. Of genuine Pliofilm* fabric, it will not get brittle, crack or curl, and is a marvellous shillingsworth. Obtainable in Red, Blue, Green, Clear, Lemon and Burgundy. **1/-**

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Birthday Greetings to Virginia Hall

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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

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is the rule to-day

A GENERAL SETTLES HIS ACCOUNT

BY LESLIE BERESFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC PARKER

BUNTING was up in what remained of shell-scarred Santa Barbara. Bands blared and guitars jittered. Aeroplanes zoomed overhead in the azure. For the revolution had succeeded. General Forzando, admittedly after eleven months of back-to-the-wall fighting in the mountains, was now safely housed in the rather badly-bombed Casa del Dictador, across the *plaza* from the hotel where Mr. Kashowitz sat with the silent, pipe-smoking Englishman.

He had certainly admitted that he was a complete stranger to these parts, which at first had inclined Mr. Kashowitz to have less suspicion of him. Personally, he was much more at home here, which was an advantage. He, therefore, while curious as to this Englishman, had filled the role of local guide and commentator. He did so now as—somewhat startlingly amid the blaring of bands—a ragged outburst of rifle-fire caused the latter to stiffen and glance around. Mr. Kashowitz chuckled.

"That is only General Forzando settling up old accounts," he explained.

"A very smart fellow, Forzando!" Mr. Kashowitz enthused, a smile of proud pleasure wreathing his moonlike face.

"I may tell you that the general and I are on the very best of terms," he proceeded to boast. "He has every reason indeed to be grateful to me. Without my help, all this—" a wave of his podgy palms seemed to garner in all those signs and sounds of popular rejoicing "—all this would not be happening now. I——"

He brought out a business-card, which he flicked across the table with a magnificent gesture. Below his name, Leon Kashowitz, was the information that he represented the Praschinska Works, situate in one of the Balkan countries. This information awakened immediate interest in the Englishman.

"So that's it?" he mused. "The famous armaments firm? I take it then that you've been providing the general with the means to win this little revolution of his?"

"Scarcely a 'little' revolution!" Mr. Kashowitz corrected cynically. "The bill has been a big one. Much of it was, of course, paid in advance, or on delivery. I'm here to collect a small balance, and—to arrange for future supplies, which Forzando will need to make his victory secure. I don't know your business here, sir, but—if my personal influence with the general can be helpful to you——"

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, but I don't really think you can," the Englishman rejected the offer, smiling in his bleak way. "Your firm and mine, as a matter of fact, are in the nature of rivals——"

Whatever further explanation the Englishman had intended to make was not to mature. Mr. Kashowitz and he were, quite unexpectedly and somewhat violently, interrupted by soldiery, with an officer in charge. It transpired that, being new arrivals and foreigners, they were suspect, must be arraigned before the military courts to explain themselves.

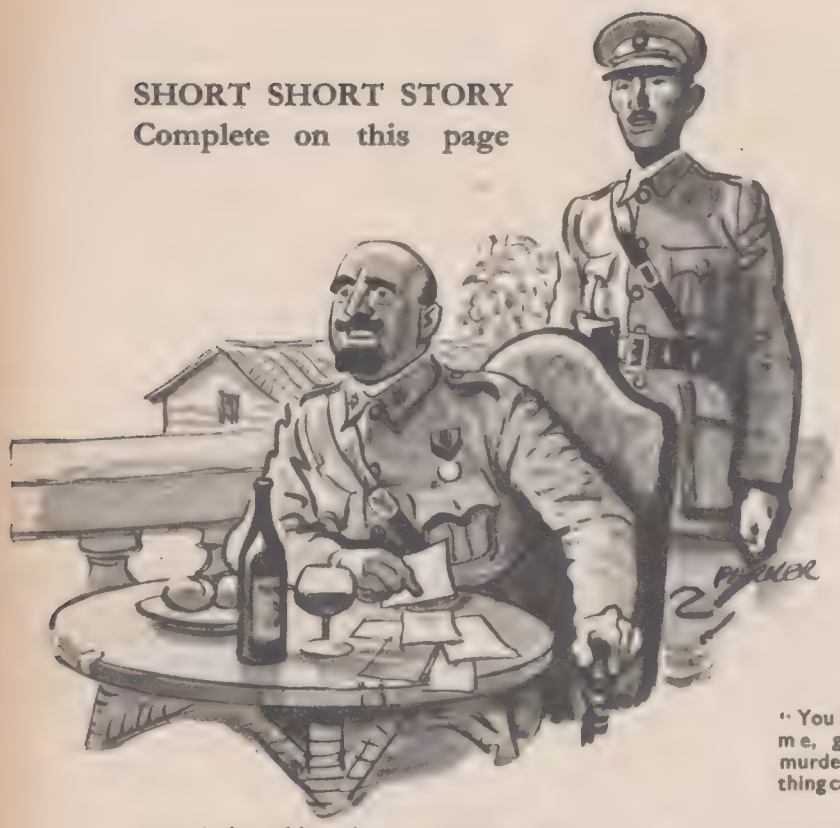
Naturally, his pride considerably hurt, Mr. Kashowitz protested scathingly. Again he produced his card, demanding that it and he should at once be taken to General Forzando, and not as a prisoner either, but as a guest whom the general would delight to honour.

The officer, however, could not quite see eye to eye with this, having—as Mr. Kashowitz remarked to the nonchalant Englishman—a stupid, military mind. The officer was willing to have the card taken to the general, but Mr. Kashowitz and his companion must meantime enjoy the hospitality of the State in the safe keeping of cells.

In that, they were separated, which suited Mr. Kashowitz just as well. His discovery that the Englishman's firm and his were rivals amused him, so secure as he was in the friendship of Forzando. If the Englishman had come here, as doubtless he had done, hoping to secure an armaments contract, his chances were small indeed. With the man safely behind bars, Mr. Kashowitz—counting on his own early release—intended to make certain that Forzando cleared the fellow out, neck and crop.

This was well in his mind when presently—as he had anticipated—his cell door was flung wide. Forzando's own adjutant had arrived, complete with

SHORT SHORT STORY
Complete on this page



"You can't do this to me, general! It's murder. The whole thing can be explained"

a car, to have him taken to the Casa del Dictador. Mr. Kashowitz, catching a momentary glimpse of the Englishman behind bars in a cell, still furiously smoking his pipe, was amused.

So, also, it seemed, was the general, when Mr. Kashowitz was announced on the sun-shaded terrace. It was obvious that Forzando, having enjoyed a doubtless excellent lunch, was in great good humour. He greeted Mr. Kashowitz with a cataract of chuckles.

"You have come to congratulate me, señor, on my magnificent victory?"

"Indeed, I do so most heartily, general. "At the same time, if I may say so, general," he suggested suavely, "I may also congratulate myself, as having greatly helped to that victory, and the destruction of your excellency's enemies?"

Forzando's corpulence quivered with amusement, which also glistened in his eyes, the colour of coffee-beans. And the amusement grew more pronounced in the next moment when, once again, the joyous rhythm of rejoicing was torn by the distant sound of rifle-fire in a ragged volley.

"That, señor, records the departure from this world of the chief of those late enemies of mine, Don Pasquale Gonzales, so recently president here," Forzando informed with a sudden gravity.

Mr. Kashowitz, for reasons of his own, felt grave, too, though he feigned no concern, but rather expressed his sense of justice in the execution.

"He certainly asked for what he's got, general. He gave you trouble enough."

I felt sure your excellency would wish to have a little business chat with me at the earliest moment," he added. "We have, of course, one or two little arrears to clear up on behalf of the Praschinska Works, but—of that, later. Most important, I felt, was a discussion on our future business relations together ——"

"Why, senor, that shall be most easily and quickly settled."

"That is very kind of you, general," he said, counting this as an invitation to seat himself, and laughed: "As a matter of fact, there arrived with me a foolish Englishman, who appears to be a rival of mine. I knew, of course, that you wouldn't enter into negotiations with anyone else, seeing that we had become such good friends——"

"So indeed I thought, senor."

"Why—isn't it so, excellency?" he asked.

The other stretched out a hand, pulling towards him a little pile of documents on the table, perusing them one by one in a tantalising silence, which, however, he presently broke in a sharp voice.

"These, senor, are records of certain transactions between yourself, acting for the Praschinska Works, and the late Don Pasquale." Mr. Kashowitz was horrified to hear him saying, "proving that your great friendship for me did not prevent you from profiting by an equal friendship for the late Don Pasquale in supplying both of us with the means to fight each other."

This, as a matter of fact, had never been in the least on the conscience of Mr. Kashowitz, though he had never for a moment imagined the truth would come to light, especially in such awkward fashion.

"The discovery of these papers among the late government's archives," the general added, "requires that justice should be done. It is only fair to the late Don Pasquale, as to me, both of us having been deceived by you. Consequently, senor, much as I regret passing sentence of death by shooting——"

Mr. Kashowitz, sprung to his feet, now observed that the general's adjutant and a file of soldiery were closing in on him from behind. His face ghastly, struggling against their hold, he protested in a scream of anger and fear:

"You can't do this to me, general! It's murder! The whole thing can be explained. A matter of business. I warn you—if any harm comes to me by you, the Praschinska Works—the government of my country will punish——"

Again, interrupting him, the corpulence of Forzando quivered with uncontrollable mirth. The snapping of his thumb and second finger together was like the report of a pistol, foreshadowing the greater report to follow in that distant yard of execution.

"Your country will never know, senor," the general chuckled. "Here, in Santa Barbara, many men are found, shot by accident. Be sure all will be arranged quite well, if inquiries are made——"

And then, as Mr. Kashowitz was being led away, he heard Forzando say:

"Have the Inghlese senor brought in to me. He will doubtless require lunch while we talk together. See that it is served."

Livid and almost fainting from fear, Mr. Kashowitz passed out into the anteroom, there to find the Englishman waiting. He was emptying the bowl of his pipe, before thrusting it into a pocket, as obviously not quite proper to be smoked in such a place. Clearly unaware that Mr. Kashowitz was in any trouble, he stepped up to him.

"By the way," he said, "I never got a chance to explain my business here to you, as I'd meant to do. When I put it that your firm and mine were sort of rivals, you see—it's like this. You helped the general to win his war. I'm here, by appointment, to serve the cause of peace—straighten up the damage done. Queer, meeting as we did. See you later. Here's my card."

He was hastened into the general's presence, while Mr. Kashowitz was hurried elsewhere. In his hand was the piece of paste-board, which he found to carry the name of a world-famous London firm, referred to as "Architectural Experts and Building Contractors."

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our watches. Let's hear you laugh that off."

"I'm not laughing," he protested, "and I admit it's extraordinary. But—damn it all!—the sun doesn't alter its course in the heavens. We can at least be sure of that."

"I'm not so sure about anything just now," I confessed. "Apart from the sun and our watches, how about our sudden excess of energy? We can be sure about that, too. Those two girls noticed they were lighter on their feet when they came aboard, yesterday morning."

"Ah!" he said. "Now that's a different matter—something really significant. Has it occurred to you that the confusion in time must have something to do with our loss of gravity?"

"Loss of gravity!" I echoed. "Just what do you mean?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand," he said, shortly, and walked away.

I might have staked everything on a kick in the pants at that moment, but there was that in what he had said which had me guessing. Contrary to his general practice, George Thormanson was keeping his opinions to himself. Complications seemed to be increasing. For a long time I remained alone on deck, puzzling over Thormanson's words, and had reached no conclusion at all when the voice of Captain Barley interrupted my reverie.

"There's ice ahead, Mr. Killick! Perhaps you'd ask Mr. Wenderby if he'll come on deck. I'd like to talk over what we have to expect in the near future."

I found Jimmy down in the engine-room, watching the men at work there, and with him was Sally Alton. It occurred to me that my presence was not exactly welcome, at that moment. Also, I wondered where George Thormanson had drifted, because he rarely gave anybody a chance to accompany Sally alone about the ship. When I delivered the captain's message, Jimmy seemed too absorbed in conversation with her to grasp its full significance. So I strolled up on deck again, cursing all women under my breath and wondering where Nina might be. It was some time later, that old John and I saw Jimmy appear on deck alone.

"Anything serious?" he asked at once.

"Yes and no, Mr. Wenderby." The captain hesitated. "I've mentioned before that we are in no danger at the moment, but at the same time, you ought to know the possibilities ahead of us. The trouble with our propeller-shaft is more serious than Davy anticipated. There's no hope of starting the engines for several days. And that's not all. We're now in what is called the Southern Ocean, approaching the Antarctic, and the undercurrent carrying us there is running faster than ever. The only way I can account for such a speedy tide is some serious submarine disturbance to alter the sea-bed. Another amazing thing is the comparative mildness of the weather so far south. It ought to be much colder.

"Studying the undercurrent for a long time this morning, I noted a definite change. Unlike the Arctic, Mr. Wenderby, which is a dense ice formation, the Antarctic is an ice-covered continent, and the change I noticed was the 'shoaling' of the water as it approaches a vast mass of land.

"I don't know how well you are acquainted with conditions in the Antarctic, but few people realise its vast extent—and the fact that its interior is almost entirely unexplored. The Antarctic Continent is five million square miles in extent—much larger than Australia—and, as far as is known, there is not one permanent, human inhabitant, or a single land animal larger than an insect. In fact, very little is known about Antarctica, especially in regard to the part for which we're heading at the moment. We're a long way east of the Weddell Sea, which is one of two exploration routes to the interior. The other approach is by way of the Ross Sea, on the Australian side of the continent."

"Thanks, John," Jimmy said and grinned. "Now, perhaps, you'll tell us what you're really driving at?"

"I want to point out," the captain answered, slowly, "that we're approaching the Antarctic continent at a point where there is no entry—no inlet, or break in the great ice-barrier surrounding it. Antarctica is a kind of plateau, six thousand feet in height and, except for the Ross and Weddell inlets, there is no way through the ice. But notice that we're in the grip of a strong, warm current running southward, and it suggests that a change may be taking place in the barrier of ice that has kept Antarctica apart from the rest of the world since time began.

"Now, Miss Alton mentioned something concerning an earthquake, but she has no information about the locality. That is our trouble, Mr. Wenderby! We're in the dark about everything that has taken place since last Sunday night. Something of tremendous importance has happened to alter time—and perhaps geography. You must be prepared to face a most unusual, and possibly a dangerous, situation. I'm telling you this because you must also prepare your friends. That's what I'm driving at."

"You mean that we're likely to enter Antarctica through a new inlet in the ice-barrier—an inlet forced by new conditions?" Jimmy asked.

"Precisely, Mr. Wenderby!"

The captain was about to leave us when he paused, and spoke again. "If either of you gentlemen would like to witness something almighty strange, just come up on deck to-night, and I'll show you a scene nobody has looked upon before in these parts."

And with this intriguing announcement Captain John Barley returned to the bridge.

At that moment, Thormanson and Sally Alton joined us. Jimmy's moodiness seemed to return as he regarded them, and to break an uncomfortable silence, I told George about the Captain's opinions. To my surprise, he was ready to agree with John Barley.

"It's quite possible that we're being carried steadily southward by a new kind of Gulf Stream," George said. "A flow of warm water into the Antarctic and anything may happen. Nobody knows what the interior of the continent may contain. I'll tell you something that happened on deck last night and I think it's what Barley wants to show you. Right ahead of us, in the darkness and at a great distance, I saw a dull red glow lighting the sky and only on one occasion have I seen such a thing elsewhere. It happened during a cruise in the Mediterranean, when we were passing Stromboli far out to sea."

"You mean a volcano?" Jimmy asked.

George nodded. "I'm certain that's what I saw last night."

"But surely we're too far from land?"

"I think we're much nearer land than Barley makes out," George declared. "In fact, I mean to spend the night on deck in case . . ."

He saw the warning in Jimmy's eyes just then and understood the reason. "Miss Alton knows," he said. "I've told her what to expect. She'll be on deck with me to-night, won't you, Miss Alton?"

"I'll be on deck if there's trouble around," she replied, and looked at Jimmy.

"There's no danger," Jimmy repeated, "and George knows it."

"We're closer to danger than Barley cares to admit," Thormanson persisted. "He makes out that we've barely entered the Southern Ocean and I say he's wrong. I'm prepared to bet we sight land before to-morrow morning! Don't think I'm talking out of my hat. I've studied the current taking us along, and I maintain that Barley is holding something back. The speed of the current is increasing every hour. Look over the side!"

He was so in earnest that we all went to the rail to stare down at the water. There was no doubt, even to mere landsmen, that our speed had increased. I saw a rush of water against the bows and the hull of the ship I never noticed before. It was while I stood staring at the water that I sensed someone standing close beside me. When I turned my head it was to see Nina Lennox.

"Where are we really going, Mr. Killick?"

"We're going a-milking——"

"Don't act the fool," she pleaded. "Please answer my question."

Tiny Milton, who overheard this conversation, winked at me over her shoulder. "Why worry?" he asked, lazily. "We're all going the same way."

With Nina still looking at me, I felt desperately anxious about our destination at that moment. Thormanson was still holding forth about John Barley's miscalculations, and I glared at him until he subsided.

"Don't worry, Miss Lennox," I comforted. "George can talk until he's tired, but I'll back the captain's opinion to my last dime. We're in no danger yet, and"—here I glared at Thormanson again—"we may never be if everybody takes it easy."

"That's true," Jimmy said. "If there's the slightest chance of danger, Miss Alton, I'll inform you immediately."

"That's quite all right with me," Sally said. "But Nina and I are coming on deck to-night, just to see what's biting the captain."

A queer silence followed this decision. I looked at Jimmy, at Tiny—and for once the latter did not smile. We all knew instinctively that something was due to happen that night, although it would have been hard to state our reason. In spite of all the captain had said, this was one occasion where instinct followed Thormanson's opinion. One by one, they drifted away to rest before the ordeal of the night began, until only Tiny and myself remained together. Then his big smile appeared and he pointed over the side.

"Take another look at the water, Sam," he invited. "Thormanson's right enough this time. We seem to be travelling faster and faster!"

Soon after dark, we began to assemble

(*please turn over*)

"Honestly, I forgot there was a Meeting to-day"

on deck and when we were all together Captain Barley invited us up on the bridge. His finger pointed out into the night, right ahead of the yacht to where a red glow suffused the sky as though a gigantic bonfire was blazing to herald our coming.

"That's a volcano," said Thormanson.

"A volcano," agreed the captain, "and the only active volcano known to exist in the Antarctic is Mount Erebus, with a crater twelve thousand feet high. But Erebus is situated near the Ross Sea, on the other side of the Antarctic Continent, so what we are looking at must be a volcano never seen before. That's not so surprising when you remember that this part of the Antarctic is unexplored."

"How far away?" Jimmy asked.

"I don't know," old John answered, in troubled tones. "But I can't hide the fact that we're near land, any longer. I've had soundings taken all the afternoon. We're still safe and in deep water, and where this voyage will end I can't tell you—except. . . . Well, our journey's end is not far away now, gentlemen. I suggest that you try to get some sleep."

"Sleep!" snorted Thormanson. "How can we sleep under these conditions? Look at the light from that volcano. It grows stronger while you stare at it."

"That light is very deceptive," the captain warned him. "Perhaps you ladies and gentlemen will go down to the deck now, and leave us to do the best we can."

As we were leaving the bridge a shout from the foredeck brought the first thrill of alarm.

"Ice ahead!"

We leaned over the side and saw moonlight reflected in glorious blue upon the shimmering face of great glaciers ahead of the ship. Nobody spoke after that for a long time. We were rapidly approaching the land of eternal ice, carried onward irresistibly by a racing sea that foamed and gurgled as though the engines of a great liner were driving the ship. Otherwise, the sea was calm. It was cold, but not nearly so cold as our surroundings suggested. Perhaps the uncanny silence all about us was the most disturbing element. Nothing stirred. Even the crew stood still at their posts, waiting for what might befall us at any moment. I made a great effort to turn my eyes from the shimmering, moonlit vista ahead, and glanced toward the bridge.

Captain John Barley was standing motionless at the wheel, the quartermaster beside him, and there was something about both those men that inspired confidence.

It was difficult to make out what was happening from the deck. I could see, when I turned my head again, that on the port side a towering mountain of blue ice appeared to rise sheer from out the ocean depths to a height where it became lost with the stars.

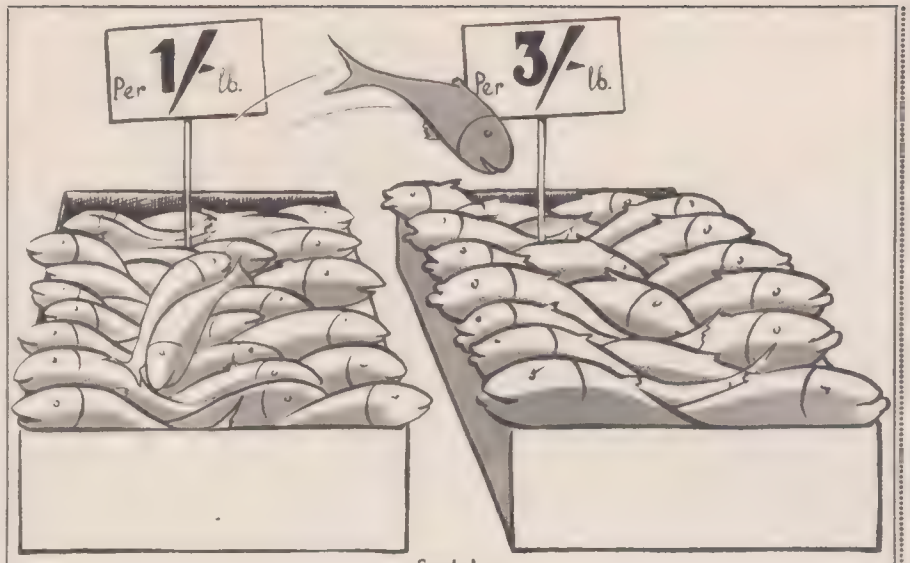
Something outside normal experience is required to awe a New York newshound, but the scenes we witnessed that night certainly moved me. Even the sea was different—changed to a deep blue by reflected moonlight, and crested with eerie lines of flame as it rippled past the hull of the *Solar Star*. Holding the rail, I went slowly forward to obtain a better view from the starboard side—and then stood very still again, gazing at polished mountains of solid ice rising into infinity.

And between two vast portals of blue fire from sea to sky the *Solar Star* was swept like a toy boat on a racing tide. The ice was fired by moonlight so that we were bathed in a weird effulgence even though the ice-barriers were miles apart. Ahead of the ship stretched an inland sea of dark blue water and, at its extreme end, I had the impression of a red fire glowing in a black sky. We might have been travelling swiftly, inexorably, straight down the road to Hell itself!

Hours must have passed while we stood on deck, numbed by a show of Nature's grandeur such as few humans have been privileged to witness. The whole scene was stupendous and held us enthralled. Once I glanced at George Thormanson, and saw that even he was still and silent before a glimpse of the Infinite in which mere learning is small indeed. I came out of this enchanted spell suddenly—as a small gloved hand was thrust into mine, and a small voice said:

"I'm feeling awfully cold!"

Nina sidled closer to me, and then—I don't know why—I placed an arm about her shoulders. We said not a word—but just stood there together staring at things beyond our understanding. The coming of the steward brought us back to reality.



Snob!

"Coffee, sir?"

I had warm feelings for the steward just then. The coffee tasted like nectar; it soothed us all and started conversation.

"Dawn's not far away," said Thormanson.

"About as far away as that volcano," Tiny remarked. "There's Hell waiting for us, boys, and it's overdue, I guess."

"Speak for yourself," Sally Alton retorted, as she sipped coffee. "How's the world, Nina?"

"I've never seen it like this before, Sally. I'm just wondering about our fare home. Do we hold return tickets?"

Tiny Milton chuckled. "Don't trouble about the answer to that one," he said. "We have to take it as it comes."

There came a shout from one of the men forward as, swinging a lead-line, he called out the soundings. I heard a cry of amazement from the captain, saw him leave the wheel and run down the bridge-ladder to join those on the fore-deck. We all waited anxiously for news while the channel between the ice-barriers on either side grew perceptibly narrower.

"Look here—over the side!" gasped Thormanson suddenly. "The tide has stopped running, and the ship's just floating as though she'd reached harbour."

There was no time to look, however, for sharp commands and the loud rattle of the anchor-chain left us all wondering. Jimmy Wenderby went forward to where the captain stood staring over the side. Presently they both came toward us and we heard old John's voice distinctly.

"This is journey's end, Mr. Wenderby. I strongly advise you all to get some sleep. We can do nothing until daybreak. . . ."

Not until I heard the word "sleep" mentioned, did I realise how tired I was. I don't remember getting between the blankets that fateful night.

A strange world awaited us at daybreak, so strange that we failed to grasp all its details from the deck of the *Solar Star*. We were anchored in still water, in a narrow stretch of water bounded on one side by shining glaciers of immense height. It was intensely cold. On the other side of the ship, snow and ice had melted away to form a wide clearing and disclose a surface of dark, bare rocks and, beyond these, vast walls of ice rose to a height beyond our vision. This belt of rock ran for at least half a mile at a steep incline, to meet a mountainside of proportions to stagger the imagination.

Far above us towered a mountain range, to heights where the topmost peaks seemed to mingle with the very clouds. No sooner was breakfast over and the two girls had returned to their cabin, than Thormanson insisted on going ashore in a dinghy. In the hope it might prove warmer ashore than on deck, we went with him. When we landed on the rocks the clearing was more extensive than we imagined it to be and then Jimmy Wenderby voiced an opinion I had nursed aboard the ship.

"This surface," he said, in puzzled tones, tapping the dark rocks with his boot, "is remarkably smooth, Sam. It might be a road—a road leading——"

"Where?" snapped Thormanson impatiently. "You talk of roads in a place like this?"

"Shut up, George!" growled Tiny, suddenly. "Jimmy's right. This belt of smooth rock leads toward those mountains." He pointed to what seemed in the distance, a dark, narrow riband of smooth rock running toward the mighty rampart towering over the inlet. Without a word we followed the track Tiny pointed out, leaving Thormanson snorting with disgust.

For the better part of a mile we followed the strange road, rising at a steep incline toward the face of a sheer precipice. We had been toiling up the slope in easy stages for some time, when Thormanson's voice hailed us again. When we stared down at him he was scrambling after us in such agitation that we simply had to wait. There was a strained look about him when he reached us, as though he burned with an inward excitement. He pointed to rocks and earth beside the smooth track.

"Just take a look at that," he said tensely. "Do you see what it is?"

"Just mud," I answered. "What about it?"

For some moments he stared at me and then shifted his gaze to Jimmy. As he did so I saw Thormanson's dark eyes glitter. He held a specimen of the mud tightly.

"What's biting you now, George?" Tiny demanded.

"It doesn't matter," Thormanson replied jerkily, and flung the mud away. "Let's get on, and see where this track leads to." He forced his way past us, climbing the slope like a man with no time to spare.

We stared after him and then at each other. What could be driving Thormanson up a steep incline that ended at the foot of a precipice? For some time we watched his progress until he reached the end of the track and then a wild shout reached us.

Thormanson was waving his arms, beckoning urgently, and we ran, through sheer excitement. We saw that he was running back to meet us.

"Look hard at the face of the rock!" he panted. "It—it moves!"

"Have you gone crazy, George?" Jimmy demanded. "What the——?"

Pale with emotion, Thormanson pointed to the face of the rock.

"Ever heard of a logan-stone?"

The word startled me and I stared hard at the wall of rock. There was a clear break in that mighty wall—as though an enormous square segment had been fitted closely into it. Upon this segment Thormanson pushed with all his weight, and as he did so we saw it moving on a hidden axis. Moving!

It turned as easily as a well-oiled door—hundreds of tons of rock. A dim twilight came through to us as the logan-stone turned. . . .

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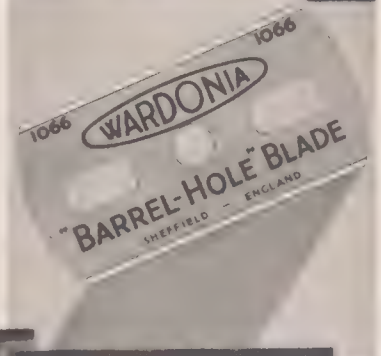

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DA.58

REVOLT IN HABBIE'S COURT

Continued from page 8

"See what that is!" he snapped out and a messenger slipped away to inquire.

"It's old Jobson come back—he's half an hour early!"

"Where is he?"

"Gone in through the shop."

For an instant, this news had a paralysing effect upon the Bullers. There was no time to close the open window, for already a lamp was being lit in the passage. Mr. Jobson himself peered out, his pale eyes glinting; then, with a shout of rage, he made for the back door, unlocked it and threw it open.

"I'll hae the polis on ye!" He was waving his fists. "It's the Nick for ye, ye rapscallions."

The Bullers were about to make tracks, but Steenie held them with a word. "Come on, we'll get him . . ." He rushed forward, his head down, with half a dozen Bullers in support. Before Mr. Jobson could gather his wits, he was in the centre of a battling group and was being dragged back into the house. There was a big cupboard under the stairs and the key was in the lock. "In here wi' him!" Steenie's voice rang out. There was a scuffle and the door of the cupboard was slammed upon the shaking figure of Mr. Jobson.

"Ye'll bide there till ye're let out!" Steenie emphasised his words by a kick on the panel. "We're going to gie your cat a nice, big drink o' water. Mebby ye'll mind your ain business after this, ye old skunk . . ."

In his excitement, Steenie had not heard the warbling whistle that rose outside in the yard. Some unknown hand had extinguished the lamp in the passage and he groped his way out into the darkness.

"Where's the kiltie?" he demanded. "He's got the sack wi' the beast . . ."

"I seen him sneaking awa'," said a Buller, "and some other laddies wi' him."

Steenie gave a start. "Where are they?" The Bullers were gathering round him in a puzzled way. "What's the kiltie's game . . ."

The reply was unexpected. From many catapults, a shower of pebbles came twanging out of the darkness and, with yelps of pain, the Bullers dropped on hands and knees. Another stinging shower brought the truth home to Steenie. With the kiltie as leader, the Sprugs had revolted! . . . More than that, they had come ready with catapults and chuckie-stones, for the yard was paved with cobbles and there wasn't even a cinder the Bullers could hurl back in reply.

"We'll rush them!" Steenie whispered. "Are ye ready?"

He led the advance, but was compelled to halt. Rapid fire from the Sprugs' catapults broke out at short range and the Bullers went down again, one trying to shelter behind the other. Steenie knew that if he could get to close quarters, the superior strength of his forces would quickly turn the tide. Near at hand was an old packing-case, which was quickly broken up, and some of the Bullers were now armed with long strips of wood. But the Sprugs were firing low and a pebble flipped viciously against Steenie's cheek. He winced again as another stung him on the ear. On all sides he could hear grunts of pain.

"We'd better get back a bit . . ." he muttered, and they made a quick retreat towards the wall at the opposite end of the yard.

Here, the Sprugs' catapults were less effective; but Steenie was quick to realise that the confidence of the Bullers in his leadership was being shaken.

"I ken how to smash the deevils!" Quickly detaching a group from the main body, he ordered them to crawl forward, keeping close to the wall of the house. "When ye hear me gie a shout," he whispered to the flanking-party, "rush them frae the side!"

At the other end of the yard, Hector had noted the silence. "They're up to some game," he muttered.

"Our chuckie-stones are nearly done," said a Sprug, at his elbow. "We're sharing them out."

Hector groaned. With ammunition running short, his only chance, now, was to make a fierce attack and hope it would succeed. "Dinnae fire till ye get nearer," he said, "then gie them blazes!"

Crouching low, he began to advance across the yard. He held his catapult ready, and was about to give the order, when he heard voices on the right.

"Gosh, they've got us . . ." His heart missed a beat. There, beside the wall of the house, he could dimly make out a little crowd of Bullers waiting to make a dash. . . . He knew what this meant. An attack from two directions! The Sprugs were in danger! Something would have to be done. Steenie's war-cry rang out and at the distant end of the yard there was a clatter of advancing feet. Then something happened.

"Michty, what's that! . . ."

Hector peered up. At the storeroom window above, he could see someone leaning out. Then came a crash—and a howl of terror. Down on the heads of the flanking-party there was raining a torrent of Mr. Jobson's antique crockery—bowls, jugs, earthenware—and Kirstie's voice rang from the window: "Take that—and that . . ."

To the Bullers below, it seemed that a thunderbolt had fallen. An older boy tried to rally the horror-stricken group, but he broke off with a squeal of anguish as a large soup-plate broke into a dozen pieces

"We're doing well, Sir—I've let the lifeboats out for two bob an hour!"

on his head. Helter-skelter, the detachment retreated, leaving behind them the wreckage of choice crockery, worth at least twopence the piece.

"Get after them, Hector!" urged Kirstie, from above. "They're climbing the wall."

It was true. The main body of the Bullers had halted, as the flanking-party rushed towards them in disorder. With their jackets on the wall to protect them against the glass, many were already scrambling over into the next yard. Steenie gasped out hoarse commands, but could not check their flight. Suddenly he realised that the rebels were advancing and a devastating rain of pebbles came hissing into his broken ranks.

"Come on, the Sprugs!" Hector's voice sang out the old war-cry.

The Sprugs came on; but the Bullers had melted like mist. Steenie saw that his last few supporters were heading for the wall. Terror gripped him as he turned to follow, but he was too late. Three Sprugs leapt out of the darkness—a darkness that became black as the pit when an open sack dropped over his head.

Squirming and kicking, he was jerked off his feet and dragged towards the water-barrel.

"This is what ye wanted to gie old Jobson's cat!" announced the voice of destiny, as half a dozen pairs of hand swung him upward. "Drop him in—head first!"

The heaving body of Steenie took the plunge. After ducking him again, the Sprugs hauled him out and removed the dripping sack. Nobody was more surprised than Steenie, himself, when he burst into tears. But his choking sobs were interrupted, for Mr. Jobson came hurrying from the house.

Hector had been expecting a buffet on the ear and he was surprised when Mr. Jobson patted him on the shoulder.

"Kirstie Graham has been telling me what ye've done, laddie! I've—I've been in terror o' ma life. . . ."

Hector prodded the vanquished Steenie with his toe. "Ye hear that? The next time ye plague Maister Jobson, the Sprugs will deal wi' ye!" He turned to the others. "Help this poor blubberin' laddie ower the wall. They're brave ones, the Bullers—ay, better at drowning cats than fechting . . ."

"Where ma bonny cat gone——" began Mr. Jobson anxiously, but Hector reassured him.

"Come upstairs, Maister."

In the storeroom, the big, ginger cat lay curled on a sofa and Mr. Jobson scurried over with a little hoot of delight.

"I'm sorry I smashed some o' your guid crocks," confessed Kirstie.

"They couldnae have been put to a better use!" cried Mr. Jobson, as the cat purred and leapt upon his shoulder. He turned to Hector: "What can I do to thank ye, laddie?"

"I've just been wondering," said Hector slowly, clicking his thumbs into the strap of his sporran.

At the fireside of Mrs. McWhittle, a long silence was broken by Auld Neil. "Did I hear ten o'clock chapping, Sandy? I'll flay that laddie when he gets back. It's no' a respectable hour for him to be out."

"He'll be at Habbie's Court, like enough," remarked Sandy. "Mebby we should gang and find him."

"A verra guid idea. And it's a ding on the lug he'll get frae me." Auld Neil rose from his chair. "We'd better take Jock—he can scent the laddie out frae a crowd of others."

"I hope Hector hasnae got into trouble," said Sandy, in an anxious voice, as they made their way up the Canongate. "The last few weeks, the polis have been verra strict wi' thae dangerous gangs o' laddies."

Their pace quickened. In Habbie's Court, a girl told them that Hector had gone up the stair; but, to their surprise, when they began to mount, the way was blocked by a perspiring crowd of boys. With difficulty, they seemed to be hauling a large sofa upward and Sandy and Auld Neil followed. A candle was burning on the landing at the top floor and the place was piled with old furniture. Hector stepped forward.

"Please could I hae the key of our room," he said, holding out his hand.

"What's this, laddie?" gasped Auld Neil. He even forgot for a moment that he was supposed to be blind and peered at the iron bedstead and chairs, at the teapot and saucepan and dusty dishes that stood on the table. "Where did all this come frae?"

"Maister Jobson has gied it on tick," said Hector, briskly unlocking the door and waving the Sprugs in with the sofa. "We did him a guid turn, and——"

"It must have been a verra guid turn!" exclaimed Auld Neil. "He refused me tick this morning. Man, Sandy, look what's here . . . I can just get a glimmer of it," he added hastily.

"There's even blankets for the bed," cried Sandy as a boy staggered in with a bundle. "I'll get awa' home and tell the wife—she'll be verra pleased."

"Is that everything?" Hector asked the Sprugs ten minutes later. "Then I'll no' need ye any more the nicht. Tomorrow we'll meet in the cellar. But I'll gie the Sprugs' whistle—as I used to do!"

"What did I tell ye, laddie!" exclaimed Auld Neil when they were alone. "Did I no' say Providence would provide?"

"Ye did." Hector looked thoughtful for a moment. "But mebby it's a guid job I gied Providence a wee help on," he added with a smile.

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FREE DIAGNOSIS FOR EVERY READER

By ARTHUR J. PYE, the well-known Consulting Hair Specialist

WHATEVER adversely affects the general health is liable to have an injurious effect on the Hair. Hair troubles, on the other hand, often cause so much anxiety and distress as to impair the general health and retard recovery.

Medical men, realising this, frequently send to me patients who are worried about their hair and scalp.

The fact that people do worry when their hair begins to fall out rapidly, or to lose its colour, suggests that hair and scalp troubles are not easily cured. Yet some of the astonishing cases I am able to record seem to point to the opposite conclusion.

INDIVIDUAL TREATMENT THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The truth is, success in hair treatment depends very much on its perfect adaptation to the particular type of hair or scalp trouble in evidence, and the causes which provoked it. For both symptoms and causes differ greatly.

The symptoms of two kinds of hair trouble often classed together may even be exactly opposite. For instance, there is both a greasy and dry form of Dandruff or Scurf. **Any attempt to cure both by one and the same method of treatment is foredoomed to failure at the outset.** Yet each of these types of scalp trouble is easily cured if skilled treatment is prescribed according to the nature of the individual case.

INTERNAL TREATMENT IS OFTEN NECESSARY

Here is another fact about the hair that is surely plain enough for anyone to see, yet it is usually entirely overlooked. **The hair-growing or hair-colouring materials supplied from the blood may be deficient.** Now deficiency of hair-growing or hair-colouring materials supplied from WITHIN cannot be made good by stimulation from WITHOUT.

While much may be accomplished, therefore, by EXTERNAL TREATMENT, in many cases INTERNAL TREATMENT is also necessary, in order that the hair roots may be able to derive from the blood the raw materials required to build those highly complicated structures, the human hair and its Follicles or Sheaths.

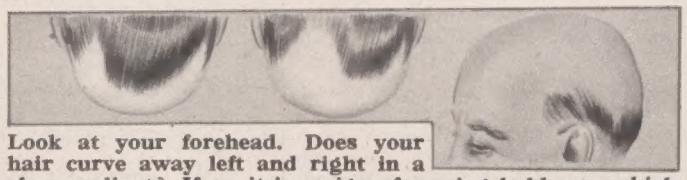
WHY HAIR FALLS OUT

A—Shows a healthy Follicle or Hair Sheath tightly gripping the hair by means of the saw-edge notches, which fit into each other.

B—Shows a weak and relaxed Follicle allowing the hair to fall out.

CAUSE OF FALLING HAIR

The disease known as Falling Hair is usually due to a weak and relaxed condition of these Follicles. A glance at Diagrams A and B will explain this. It will be seen that the hair and Follicle have saw-edge notches. Under healthy conditions of the scalp the two sets of notches interlock so tightly that a considerable tug is required to pull out the hair. When, however, the Follicles are weak and relaxed, the "teeth" of the Follicles no longer get a grip on the hairs, and out they fall at the slightest touch. The pressure of a hat, the soft caress of the brush, or even a shake of the head may suffice to bring out hairs by the dozen. It is easy to realise that **although the hair itself** [illegible] **perfectly healthy,** weak and rel[illegible]ill cause such a loss of hair as soon[illegible]ess.



Look at your forehead. Does your hair curve away left and right in a sharp salient? If so, it is a sign of coming baldness, which often begins at the forehead, the hair gradually receding until the entire scalp is involved.

Look at your "crown." It is one of the favourite points for the onset of baldness. If there is thinness there, this is a sign of coming baldness on no account to be neglected, for the first tiny patch will soon spread across the scalp in an ever-widening circle.

GREYNESS OVERCOME

There is no greater tragedy in a woman's life than falling Hair and Greyness.

The wonderful effect of the new treatment described here, in stopping hair fall and restoring the original colour, is illustrated in the pictur on the right.

If the hair itself is shrunken owing to lack of nourishment, then failure of the two sets of saw-edge notches to interlock may be due to the hair.

Treatment will differ in these two different types of cases. But in both, scientific treatment has achieved astonishing success.

The treatment I advise for weak and relaxed Follicles acts so quickly and surely that within seven or eight days Follicles that were gaping wide, giving no support whatever to the hair, are so tightened up that quite a vigorous pull is required to tear the hair from the scalp.

HEALTHY HAIR IMPRISONED BENEATH THE SCALP

Every hair is supplied with oil glands, the purpose of which is to lubricate the hair and keep it in good condition, supple, weather-resisting, and glossy. These glands are easily affected by tight-fitting headgear and microbic infection. The disease known as Dandruff or Scurf is a frequent result. As mentioned above, there is both a greasy and a dry form of Dandruff, and there is a form that is only indirectly due to the oil glands: it is caused by scaling off of the outer skin of the scalp. **But the great point to remember is that all forms of Dandruff tend to choke up the Follicles or hair-sheaths out of which the growing hair emerges.**

Here, again, THE HAIR MAY BE PERFECTLY HEALTHY, **yet meeting a tight wad of scurf, blocking the exit from the Follicles, the hair is imprisoned there and lives its life unseen beneath the surface of the scalp.**

I have said enough to show that deterioration of the hair, loss of colour and baldness may be due to causes largely preventable and amenable to scientific treatment.

BALDNESS IS NOT INEVITABLE

Baldness, in fact, and loss of hair colour are neither hereditary nor a necessary consequence of advancing years. It is natural to have a good head of hair, of its original colour, throughout life, and I have proved in many striking cases that even when baldness and greyness are far advanced they will generally yield to suitable treatment.

Scientific treatment, on the lines I have indicated, removes the causes of hair and scalp troubles and allows Nature to assert herself. The outcome in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred is the re-establishment of healthy hair growth and the restoration of the natural colour, texture, gloss and allure.

Mr. Pye offers to diagnose the hair and scalp troubles of readers of this paper entirely free of charge or obligation. He will also send readers a free copy of his informative book, "HOW TO END HAIR AND SCALP TROUBLES." All you are asked to do is to fill up the special Diagnosis Form provided and post it to Mr. Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, 11.

A DOCTOR *writes:—London.*

The excellent results I have observed in a sequence of cases have led me to investigate your treatment more closely, and I am satisfied that the principles of your treatment are thoroughly sound and reliable.

The fact that you prepare your treatment especially for each case is one of the things which particularly recommend it. It is an undoubted fact that the hair roots usually remain alive beneath a bald scalp. Your treatment, by providing the required sustenance to the shafts, bulbs, papillæ and follicles, should, in the majority of such cases, bring about the effect desired.

L.R.C.P. & S., L.R.F.P. and S.G.

Mr. Arthur J. Pye, whose article appears here, has practised for 20 years as a Consulting Hair Specialist in Blackpool. His clients include many Titled People. But his fees are so moderate as to be within the reach of all—and all can benefit by his skill to-day. For the same principles which have achieved almost unbelievable successes in his private practice have now been applied to a treatment which can be carried out in the home.

"HOPELESS" CASES YIELD TO NEW METHODS

The following brief extracts from letters sent to Mr. Pye by grateful clients give some idea, though very inadequate, of the results achieved in actual cases:

"I wish to thank you for the splendid results obtained from your Treatment of my daughter's hair. The hair is growing on the bald patches after we had given up hope of seeing it grow again. We had been told her case was hopeless. I am more than grateful because your Treatment has been so successful."—**Mrs. L. Wilkins,** of 39, Harefield Road, South Tottenham, N.15.

"I am very pleased to say that there is a big improvement in my hair; your Treatment has done a lot of good.

"The Dandruff has entirely disappeared, and as for the falling of hair, that has stopped, and the hair is quite strong in the roots, although it is only a little over a month since I started using your Treatment."—**Mr. Hugh Roberts,** of 35, Llwynon Road, Oakdale, Blackwood, Mon. 11/5/38.

GREYNESS AND FALLING OF HAIR CHECKED

"I received the Treatment and used it as instructed, and my hair has improved greatly. It has stopped falling and looks much thicker and the greyness has started to go."—**Mr. M. Fitzgibbon,** of Showly, Attenborough, Beeston.

LARGE BALD PATCHES QUICKLY DISAPPEARING

"Your marvellous Treatment which I have been using has given me wonderful new hair, and I thank you very much. I had two large bald patches at the back of my head, and I now find that the bald patches have nearly gone. I really don't know how to thank you for your wonderful treatment. My new hair is coming on very quickly thanks to you. I thank you once again for helping me, and I shall recommend you to anyone suffering from Alopecia."—**Miss Kitty Corne,** of 45, Pershore Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 20/5/38.

HAIR REGAINED IN CASE OF ALOPECIA

"I had the pleasure of consulting you about my falling hair, which gave me much anxiety about twelve months ago.

"If I hear of anyone suffering from the same effects, I shall gladly recommend your famous Treatment."—**Mrs. E. Minshaw,** of Co-operative Cottage, Bridgefoot. 15/5/38.

FREE DIAGNOSIS and ADVICE

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Is Your Hair Falling Out?.....
Receding at Temples?.....
Is Hair Thin on Top?.....
Are You Bald on Top?.....
Going Grey?.....
Is Scalp Irritable?.....
Is Hair Coming Off, leaving Several Bald Patches (Alopecia)?.....
Are You Completely Bald?.....
What is Your Age?.....
Have You Dandruff?.....
Is Scalp Dry or Oily?.....
What Severe Illness?.....
How Long Ago?.....

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NAME.....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....

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8th March, 1938

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INSTANT RELIEF

NEXT WEEK

IN those days, when we had just ceased to feel a burning desire to drive locomotives for ever and anon and seemed well on the way to some more exhilarating ambition, we used to sit around trying to look like the chief engineer of a crack liner.

There were models in plenty and, even before we began to study the species in Conrad and McFee and Guy Gilpatric, we had noticed for ourselves that ship's engineers were a taciturn lot, given to strange, tobacco-laden moods which, at times, turned them into tornados of anger.

As far as we can remember, it was a surfeit of tobacco that caused us to lose interest in the tribe, but by then we had already deranged our features trying to emulate their quarrelling abilities. But we still admire them and, despite all the trouble that he causes, we lavish much of our affection on Colin Glenncannon, chief engineer of the *Inchcliffe Castle*, a tramp that is always heading for trouble.

Scots may argue that Colin speaks no known language; and complain that it is libellous to suggest he is a Scot, even a Glasgow Scot, but we still cherish him and feel great pride whenever we have to put his name among the coming attractions.

And we know that you will revel in the yarn that leads the mighty Colin from a simple, wholesome supper—twenty-four drinks and a plate of soup—in a Marseilles cafe to the dank depths of a cavernous London clink.

A glass-eater and a knife-swallower are thrown in, to make good measure. There's little need to add that the author is Guy Gilpatric; the story "At the Sign of the Brass Knuckle."

Of all the reasons that a man may have for asking a woman to marry him, we think Dave Castleberry had by far the best. It was to save his dog.

We can't enter now into the reasons why a man should have to have a wife before he can keep a dog, but they do exist—believe it or not, Mr. Ripley—and George Sessions Perry, whose ready wit and lovable hill-billies have grown to mean so much to us, makes the most of them in telling the love story of the laziest man to be found in our fiction.

We can't think of anything this story lacks, except possibly a sequel.

Other authors on parade next week, will include W. J. Passingham, Wilson MacArthur, Dale Collins and Leslie Beresford.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss

WE always did enjoy the story of the be-whiskered, die-hard theologian who was always saying he was ready to be convinced he was in the wrong about some particular tenet and adding, in a minor key, that he would like to see the man "as could make him do it!" For we feel we have much in common.

We would be deeply hurt if you were to suggest that our prejudices might prevent our seeing your point of view, but such is our nature that we know we would fight to the last to save ourselves the trouble of having to change our minds.

All this we realised when we heard from Mr. H. W. Lynn, of Edinburgh, a Scot who seems to be having difficulty in deciding how much freedom you gain by losing your liberty. For a long time now we have been quietly cocking a snoot at those jitney messiahs of liberty who go to summer schools in short trousers to sell their philosophy to the highest bidders among the up-and-coming intellectuals.

But as soon as Mr. Lynn began to burble about the futility of freedom, we felt that he might be just as wide of the mark as those nobbly-kneed, goateed merchants who sell the myth of liberty for a living.

Said Mr. Lynn, with deep conviction: "If it were possible, I would try to convince all the young people with whom I came in contact that it is wise to sacrifice liberty to happiness as early as possible in life.

"Most youngsters believe that the quickest way to happiness is to take the path of freedom. They cut themselves adrift, wishing to have as few encumbrances as possible. And it is often too late in life when they realise that nothing can be enjoyed unless it is shared.

"What use is it to be wealthy, powerful, feared, if there is no escape from loneliness? You see the futility of freedom when you realise that the human heart

can be content only when it belongs to another, when it works in the service of something besides itself."

Having wiped away the tear that appeared when we read of lonely hearts aforesaid, we can't help thinking that both the professional cheap-jacks who peddle liberty in the market-place and Mr. Lynn, from whose theories moonshine leaks, like water from a sponge, are backing an idea that contains something worth while.

For youth must first be sold its freedom, to be bought as dearly as possible before it can value any happiness it may derive from losing it.

Still, it's one of those things that most people work out for themselves, so let us leave Mr. Lynn sulking in his tenets, as the witty American said of Trotsky, and consider the charming glimpse of Miss Marie Webb, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, trying to find a hat into which she can put her head.

If we weren't in favour of all she says, we would probably throw her to the Christians—or pass it on to Virginia Hall—but there's no doubt about it that the girl knows her hats when she says, "just look at some of the latest millinery derelicts clinging precariously to the

permanents that you take out to lunch and then set about instituting a campaign for the restitution of hats full of heads.

"It is useless for me to even try to win sympathy from another woman. She'd just look at me as though I were something on a microscope-slide and say, with an icy meaning drifting into her voice: 'Yes, it must be difficult to get a modern hat to fit your head. It is such an awkward shape.'

"Anyway, I'll mention you in my prayers, which will be quite an experience for you, if you will only make people laugh at the gals who go on wearing little bits of this and that pasted on the steepest sides of their craniums and consider themselves dressed."

Even though we would do quite a lot to be mentioned in Miss Webb's prayers, we realise it would be silly for us to do anything towards making women realise how silly they look.

We can hold our own with members of the rev. clergy, motor-car salesmen, cricketers, anglers, golfers, ornithologists and former colonels, but there's nothing we can do with fashion except hope that the girls will grow out of it before they get too old to try something different.

Meanwhile, we can't help feeling sorry for Mr. Charles Hopper, a young salesman, of Highbury, London, N. 5, whose friends are advising him against going to Germany

After a long discourse on the reasons, mostly professional, that make it essential for him to thrust his head among the Nazis, he adds: "I have definite socialist leanings and I abhor the fascist regime. But I would not say a word about my political feelings. Now do you think I should risk it?"

Actually we can't see why Mr. Hopper hesitates. Braver men have risked as much for their professions and as for not mentioning his political feelings—well, Mr. Hopper need have no fear. It will all come out at the inquest—that is, if there is an inquest.

For Your Amusement

CLUES ACROSS

1. Hope abandoned here.
7. Example said to be better than this.
12. Bring into accordance.
13. Sound of collision.
14. Denuding to put this on a loser.
15. Abundant.
17. Not elsewhere.
18. Praises loudly sung.
19. Depart.
20. In no sweet mood.
22. Something remaining.
24. A hunter.
25. Hold in high regard.
27. Contemptuous name for child.
28. Fence of stakes.
33. Not in narrow sense.
35. Poison.
36. Half 30 down meaning much the same.
37. Receptacle.
38. Select people.
39. Terminates 41.
40. Improved or put right.
41. Wears away.

CLUES DOWN

1. Quick movement.
2. There is thus everywhere.
3. Agitate.
4. No flies in such ointment.
5. Insect found in 8.
6. That is in brief.
7. Suitable for introduction or exhibition.
8. Wild words.
9. Good opinion.
10. Scolded.
11. Stopper.
13. Coagulated matter.
15. Sounds like illegal treatment of an egg.
16. Piece of wood.
1. Hairs stood on end, perhaps.
20. Greek poem.
21. One of U.S.A.
22. Would mean second coming.
23. And follows wrong action in a message.
25. A vehicle.
26. Despatch.
29. Retreat.
30. Entrance implied.
31. Potential growth in this.
32. Stamps but not adhesive.
34. Regret.

L	A	N	D	S	C	A	P	E	■	B	R	I	A	M
■	S	E	A	T	E	D	■	V	E	R	O	N	A	L
A	S	T	R	O	L	A	B	E	■	A	T	O	N	E
M	E	T	T	L	E	■	R	■	D	A	N	E	S	■
A	S	■	E	S	C	A	P	E	■	T	■	S	■	■
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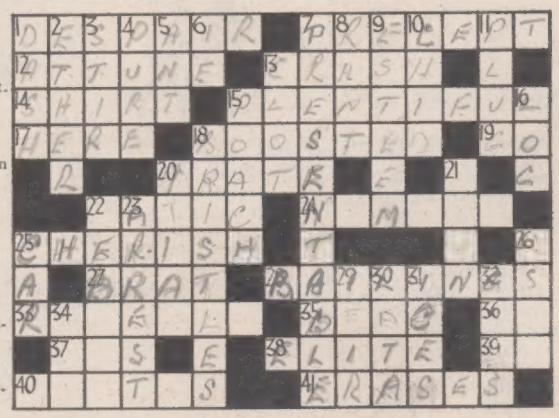
Solution to last week's puzzle



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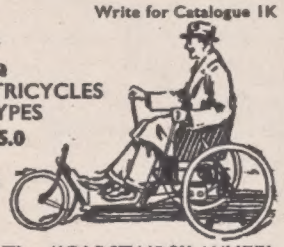

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12	8	5	7½	5.10.0	8/-	9/10	13/8

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12	8	6	8	6.17.6	8/-	12/6	16/3
16	8	6	8	9:7.6	12/6	16/11	21/11

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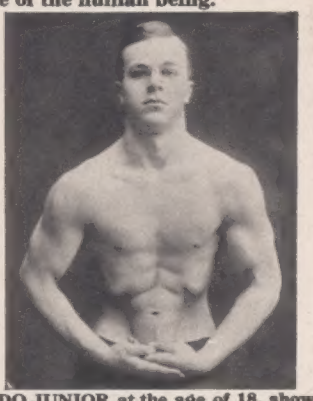

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